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Together

Our Jobless Coal Miners

In color: **THE 23rd PSALM**

Can We Disarm?—a Powwow

The Midmonth Magazine for Methodist Families

May 1960



Christ

at the
Pool of Bethesda

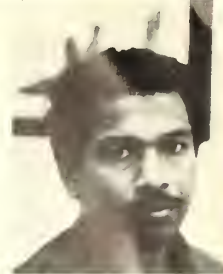
By FRANK WESLEY



+ ONE OF JESUS' miracles of healing has inspired a young artist in India to paint this picture. The grandson of an Indian Methodist minister, the painter proudly bears the name Frank Wesley. Twice before, his religious art has appeared in *TOGETHER* (December, 1957, pages 36 and 39, and December, 1959, page 37). Here he depicts the Savior in the ragged garb that, in India, is a mark of a holy man. Wesley's inspiration came from the familiar verses of John 5:2-9, as found in the King James Version:

"Now there is at Jerusalem by the sheep market a pool, which is called in the Hebrew tongue Bethesda, having five porches. In these lay a great multitude of impotent folk, of blind, halt, withered, waiting for the moving of the water. For an angel went down at a certain season

into the pool, and troubled the water: whosoever then first after the troubling of the water stepped in was made whole of whatsoever disease he had. And a certain man was there, which had an infirmity thirty and eight years. When Jesus saw him lie, and knew that he had been now a long time in that case, he saith unto him, Wilt thou be made whole? The impotent man answered him, Sir, I have no man, when the water is troubled, to put me into the pool: but while I am coming, another stepeth down before me. Jesus saith unto him, Rise, take up thy bed, and walk. And immediately the man was made whole, and took up his bed, and walked..."



Frank Wesley
Indian artist

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Though you're far away, you can be close to her on Mother's Day with flowers-by-wire. They'll reach out and touch her so deeply she'll actually feel that you're there—to make her day complete. So, say "Happy Mother's Day" with flowers-by-wire—the same

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Is thy heart right, as my heart is
with thine? Dost thou love and
serve God? It is enough. I give thee
the right hand of fellowship.

—John Wesley (1703-1791)

THE MORNING MAIL is a thing of joy. Each day the postman brings us new delight from thoughtful readers who share with us their ups and downs, and welcome tidbits of news. Some letters, which may seem critical at first blush, actually are from friends who want to pass along ideas they feel will improve the magazine. All contain something worth sharing. Today we opened a letter from a gentleman in Virginia who tells us his church has lightened a dark entrance with new glass doors: "Now our people who are waiting on rainy mornings for someone to pick them up, or are watching for a bus, can do so without getting soaked—with water." And a Pennsylvania pastor writes that he had hardly stepped inside the door after a church pilgrimage to Puerto Rico when he received our March issue containing the color pictorial, *Puerto Rico Is Growing Up Fast!* It was a pleasant surprise, he reports; almost like revisiting that island.

A teacher in Texas still recalls our 1958 Christmas story, *The Candle in the Forest*: "Though it was a long story, not even the smallest of my four children showed the least sign of restlessness," she assures us.

Then we found several letters about February's *Is the Pie in the Sky Chocolate?* which discusses the difficulty one has in explaining to preschool children how God can be everywhere. And so they go, these wonderful letters that make up our day's mail. We only wish we could print all the hundreds of interesting ones instead of just a sampling. But to do so would require an entire issue each month. Meanwhile, to see more about what our readers have to say, turn to *Letters* on page 6.

A new book on Maj. John Wesley Powell arrived only a few weeks after we wrote about the geologist-explorer in the Grand Canyon pictorial, *Earth Declares His Wonder and Glory* [April, page 37]. It's titled *First Through the Grand Canyon* (Winston, \$2.95). The author, Steve Frazee, devoted 20 years of research to Powell's tremendous accomplishments. This, in turn, reminds us to remind you not to miss Donald Culross Peattie's fine story on the exploits of another early Methodist. Next month, look for *Jedediah Smith—Trail Finder Extraordinary*, the story of a Bible-reading adventurer, cartographer, explorer, and trapper who did as much as any man to open up the Far West.

Anna-Modine Moran of Vincennes, Ind., is nearing 80 and is the author of two volumes of poetry and nature observations. If you would renew your faith in the ability of the human spirit to overcome adversity, read her *Personal Testimony* on page 13.

Our Cover: The two children with the pet calf will bring nostalgia to readers who grew up on a farm. And all who follow the events of the Christian Year will be reminded that Methodists will be observing Rural Life Sunday this May 22.

—YOUR EDITORS

Together presents for May, 1960

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Together

740 N. RUSH STREET, CHICAGO 11, ILLINOIS
Telephone: Mlchigan 2-6431

Together continues *Christian Advocate*, founded in 1826 as "an entertaining, instructive, and profitable family visitor." It is an official organ of The Methodist Church. Because of freedom given authors, opinions may not reflect official concurrence.

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Letters



LAYMEN Bear Witness to their FAITH

For the months of May and June, The Upper Room publishes its annual "Lay Witness Number". This issue is written entirely by laymen from all walks of life, whose thoughts and experiences bear witness to their faith.

Because of their simplicity, sincerity and strength, these inspiring devotions are particularly suited to family and group as well as to individual use.

If your church does not have a standing order for The Upper Room, order now to start with the May-June number. Ten or more copies to one address, 7¢ per copy. Individual yearly subscriptions, \$1, three years \$2. Order from

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One in 12 Now Alcoholic!

ROGER BURGESS
*Methodist Board of Temperance
Washington, D.C.*

We have read with interest *How We're Solving the Social-Drinking Problem* [March, page 20]. It is excellent and should be a real contribution to development of thought and talk about this important problem.

However, it was already out of date on one statistic. The latest figure for social drinkers who have become alcoholics is not one in 20. It now has increased to one in 12!

An 'Either Side' Cow!

BEN M. BUEHLER
Odebolt, Iowa

I noticed some remarks about milking cows from the left side [See *Letters*, March, page 8]. We've milked quite a few cows—my wife was a good helper—but we had one we always left till last. Whichever one was ready first for this cow would sit down to the right side and the next to the left side, then the cow was milked from both sides—and finished up in a hurry.

And One Up!

FRANK SCHROPP
Topeka, Kans.

Better use of space was never made in *TOGETHER* than that given to Bishop Gerald Kennedy's *A Letter to Mr. Eisenhower* [February, page 14].

Let us make no mistake about it, one of us is going down!

A False Alternative?

CLARENCE F. AVEY, *District Supt.
New England Conference
Springfield, Mass.*

Bishop Gerald Kennedy's inflexible affirmation regarding Russia and our way of life, "one of these systems is going down," is the stuff out of which world wars are made.

This is a false and dangerous alternative. The trend of current history seems rather to be that we are both being modified, with each nation significantly approaching the other country's way of life.

Bishop John Wesley Lord rightly quotes Professor Hocking to the effect that "the only genuine atheist is the man who believes that there are gulfs

between 'right' men and 'wrong' men so great that no bridge can be thrown across them."

This is the atheism of which we must beware in this dangerous era, not the doctrinaire atheism of Communist Russia. This latter will be overcome in God's good time.

Pastor Can Criticize Bishop

MANFRED A. CARTER, *Pastor
Guilford, Maine*

Bishop Gerald Kennedy assumes that America is fully Christian, that Russia is what her theorists say. He ignores the change since Stalin and the interpenetration of civilizations. His dogmatic statement is of the kind which has made for religious warfare in the past. I regret it, but am happy to live in a country where a rural pastor can criticize a bishop.

Kennedy and Lincoln . . .

VIRGIL E. EVANS, *M/SGT
Elizabethtown, Ky.*

Never was a truer statement made than when Bishop Gerald Kennedy said that in the East-West struggle, one system must fail. These words have the same meaning as those Abraham Lincoln spoke when he said our Nation could not stand, half free and half slave. The Communists are in earnest in trying to make their system work. They are a terrible enemy. Their leaders will stop at nothing to win.

Hoover Re: Pornography

J. EDGAR HOOVER
Federal Bureau of Investigation

Your article, *Pornography Can Hit Your Home, Too* [March, page 22] was most interesting, and it was encouraging to me to know that you share my views on this vital problem.

Watch That Salesman!

MRS. JERRY NUNEMAKER
Vienna, Md.

I am in agreement with Oren Arnold. I have four children and am concerned with this problem. I do not agree, though, with your sketch of this villain. Seems to me this type should be the well-dressed, suave, slick-hair man about town. He would have a lot of confidence and an almost over-friendly attitude, with the knowledge



“Because I was too nervous
to be neighborly,
my doctor started me on Postum!”

“I do like my neighbors, but you know how it is when you don’t sleep well. You feel grouchy—too nervous to be friendly. One day I decided to see my doctor.

“He checked me thoroughly but found nothing basically wrong. He asked me, however, if I drank lots of coffee. Seems some people can’t take the caffeine in coffee. Change to Postum, the doctor advised. It’s got absolutely no caffeine, so it can’t make you nervous or keep you awake.

“And it worked! In fact, my neighbors and I are having a cup of Postum right now. Two cups maybe. Who cares—Postum can’t make us grouchy or keep us awake!”



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Gold Ribbon Winner at Cuyahoga County Fair
gives you her Recipe for

Danish Double-Takes

"Folks always came back for more," says Mrs. Willard Miller, who won the gold ribbon for the best yeast baking at the Cuyahoga County Fair. "So I call my Danish rolls 'Double-Takes'. And I think you'll like them, too. Just be sure to use Fleischmann's Active Dry Yeast. It's so fast and easy your baking's bound to turn out well."



DANISH DOUBLE-TAKES

¾ cup milk
⅓ cup sugar
2 teaspoons salt
⅓ cup shortening
2 packages Fleischmann's Active Dry Yeast
¼ cup warm, not hot, water

Scald milk, add sugar, salt, shortening. Pour into large mixing bowl. Cool to lukewarm. Dissolve yeast in warm, not hot, water. Add to milk mixture. Stir in beaten eggs. Gradually add flour, beating well. Place in greased 13 x 9-inch pan. Chill 1-2 hours. Roll chilled dough on lightly floured board to about 16 x 12 inches. Spread ⅓ cup margarine or butter on ⅔ of dough surface. Fold unspread portion of dough over ⅓ of covered portion. Fold third section over first two. Roll dough to original size. Repeat process twice using remaining margarine. Chill overnight.

When ready to make, roll dough length-

wise into 15 x 12 inch rectangle. Cut into 3-inch squares. Put ½ teaspoon jelly on center of each square; fold each into a triangle. Seal edges. Place on greased baking sheet. Brush tops with egg white. Sprinkle with sugar. Cover lightly. Let rise in warm place until double in bulk. Bake at 375°F. 10-12 min. Ice with confectioners' sugar icing.



—Another fine product of Standard Brands Incorporated—

that he had a certain amount of influence with the young people of our day.

I would warn my children to beware of this type as I feel sure they'd naturally hurry past the vicious-looking character your artist portrayed.

Adopted—but Not Happily

ANONYMOUS

May I send you a special word of thanks for *I Didn't Ask to Be Born!* [December, 1959, page 25]? I read it twice. You see, I never have known my own parents. I was adopted and not very happily.

I grew up being reminded of my background in subtle ways, so I grew up feeling sorry for myself. Even today, at 48, I sometimes cry myself to sleep.

Your magazine came when I was feeling one of those depressed spells. It was as though God was speaking directly to me through that article.

You readers share many of your thoughts and feelings with us, for which we are grateful. In this case, we thought it best, in sharing the letter with others, to keep the writer's identity confidential.—Eds.

Another Flying Pastor

G. BEN HERSHBERGER, Pastor
Richmond, Ind.

Thank you for the excellent *Sky Taxis for Pastors* [March, page 76]. I am a private pilot with over 400 hours of flying. Prior to my appointment as senior pastor of the Richmond Central Methodist Church, one of the laymen of my former parish, Murry Inman, not only taught me to fly but allowed me the use of his aircraft. I found to my pleasure that I could save many hours by attending to church business via air.

'A Wonderful Look at History'

MRS. THOMAS BURCHETT
Ashland, Ky.

I am a descendant of Madam Russell (Elizabeth Henry Campbell Russell) through her marriage to Gen. William Russell. (She was married first to Gen-



Russell home: F. Asbury stayed here.

eral Campbell.) I am proud of a picture I have of the old log house which

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Few colleges can better prepare students for graduate or professional work than can MacMurray College at Jacksonville, Ill. A recent national survey "The Younger American Scholar: His Collegiate Origins," ranks MacMurray among the first five colleges for women in proportion of graduates entering graduate study. A high percent of these receive fellowships at leading universities.

For 111 years a woman's college, MacMurray became coordinate with a newly-established men's college in 1957. Affiliations with journalism, law, engineering, and medical schools, as well as association with theological and business schools, have brought the new college—MacMurray College for Men—to the front rank in opportunities for its students to continue into graduate work and thus shape a more effective career for themselves.

MacMurray is a corporate member of the North Central Association, the Association of American Colleges, the American Association of University Women, and the Methodist Educational Association. Its Conservatory of Music is a corporate member of the National Association of Schools of Music.

It is a sound Methodist institution, admitting men or women.

MILBURN P. AKERS
Editor
Chicago Sun-Times

MACMURRAY COLLEGE • JACKSONVILLE, ILLINOIS

The average Protestant minister, married and with two or three children, is faced by a tremendous economic burden. Even with allowances for housing, utilities, an automobile—plus occasional extra income—most ministers find it difficult to meet month-to-month expenses. The average minister's salary is less than his average cost of living.

In the last 25 years the cost of consumer items has more than doubled. In the same period, ministerial salaries have risen slowly. Compared with the more rapid increase for teachers, sometimes referred to as the "forgotten profession," ministers' salaries are still frighteningly inadequate. Ministers spend more time in their profession than most other men. The forty hour week is unheard of in the ministry. In many cases their jobs consume a full seven-day week with long hours every day!

Generally, churches do not want their ministers to take on side jobs, nor do they feel it desirable that wives of clergymen should have to work for supplemental income. Church work is a full-time occupation. As such, *churches should consider an adequate salary for the minister as their first financial obligation.*

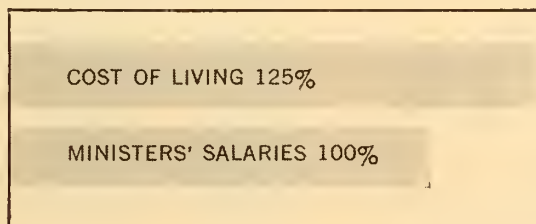
Some denominations are attempting to re-evaluate ministers' salaries—to put them on an equal level with other professions requiring like amounts of time and money for preparation. A "living wage" is not enough. The minister and his family are entitled to some of the "extras" of comfortable living—books, recreation, education and savings. Only now have responsible churches come to the realization that they must give as much as they ask if the ministry is to continue to attract the best qualified young men.

Reprints of this public service message for distribution to your Trustees and Board members are available on request.



a report to thoughtful laymen

Ministers Must Live Too!



A comparison of Ministers' salaries and the cost of living, using ministers' salaries as a base of 100%.



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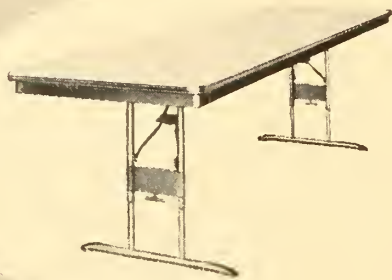
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[Advertisement]

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It is especially made for those people who can hear but not understand. This new hearing instrument provides "ear-level" hearing with the wearer picking up speech, sounds, television, and radio at his ear rather than at a transmitter located in the wearer's clothing.

Due to the use of 4 transistors, the user cost is extremely low and the instrument weighs approximately 1/4 ounce. It is about the size of a sewing thimble.

Write to F. R. Lane, Dept. Y-505, 1633 Eustis Avenue, St. Paul 1, Minnesota. You can receive full information without any obligation whatever.

Madam Russell and her husband, General Russell, lived in at Saltville, Va. [See *Madam Russell*, August, 1959, page 31.] It was here that they entertained Bishop Francis Asbury on one of his journeys through the area.

As a former national press chairman for the Daughters of the American Revolution, I particularly enjoyed your November anniversary issue. That was a wonderful way to look at history.

Not Only 'Signs'

MRS. BILL THACKER
Wichita Falls, Tex.

In reading *Ministry to the Deaf* [March, page 62] I was concerned over the implication that deaf people use "sign" only. Outstanding schools for the deaf have used only the oral method of teaching for years.

We have a hard-of-hearing child who would not have been able to talk if it had not been for the School of Listening Eyes, the local school for the deaf. Also, the profoundly deaf child is able to speak.

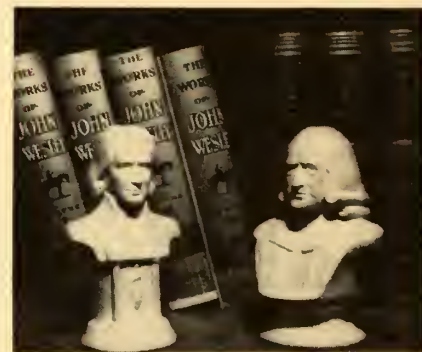
Right you are, but in large gatherings of deaf persons, the sign language is easier to follow. Also, older persons still must rely on "signs" to "hear" the sermon.—Ebs.

New Methodist Art

CHESTER C. ENGLE
Trenton, N.J.

Because TOGETHER is contributing much to a growing interest in Methodist history, you may be pleased to learn that Parian-ware busts of John Wesley and Francis Asbury now are available in Cokesbury bookstores throughout the country.

The true porcelain busts were created by a group of Trenton artists, artisans, and ceramic craftsmen. Artist Lester Murphy, for example, is descended from a long line of Methodist ministers. As



Methodist busts: presents for leaders.

sponsor of the project, I spent my business life (before retiring seven years ago) mining ceramic and other industrial clays.

A number of these busts already have been presented to prominent church leaders.

Together / NEWSLETTER

MANUAL 'SMEARS ALL CHURCHES.' Charges in an Air Force Reserve manual that Communists have infiltrated churches "are not simply an attack against the National Council of Churches, but are an attack against all churches, ministers, and lay leaders of all denominations in the NCC." So says Dr. A. Dudley Ward, general secretary of the Board of Social and Economic Relations of The Methodist Church and member of the NCC's general board. The manual, in his view, is a direct intrusion of government into the realm of the Church. Further, Dr. Ward holds, it depicts a mentality all too prevalent in government, and elsewhere, which would abridge the right of free press, free speech, and freedom of religion, and makes use of unreliable material which it tends to give credence. "An effective answer to this kind of attack will not come from the top brass of the NCC, state or local church councils, but must come from the local churches, ministers, and laymen," he says. Methodist Bishops Frederick B. Newell, Richard C. Raines, and G. Bromley Oxnam, and leaders of other denominations, have denied the allegations. Milburn P. Akers, Methodist layman and Chicago Sun-Times editor, declared editorially that the charges were "out-and-out demagogic slander against a very large and respected element of the Protestant clergy, supported by no shred of evidence that anybody in or out of the Air Force has brought forward."

NEW EPISCOPAL AREA. Creation of the West Virginia Area to serve 1,500 Methodist churches and 210,000 members in that state will be recommended to the Northeastern Jurisdictional Conference in June. The churches now come under the Pittsburgh Area, which would be renamed the Western Pennsylvania Area.

HORROR PIX SOFT-PEDALED. Keene, N.H., Methodist Men have prevailed upon three local theater managers to discontinue preview advertising of gangster and horror films at children's shows.

BIGGEST GAIN. Methodist membership in New Mexico, says the General Board of Evangelism of The Methodist Church, has shown a greater percentage of increase, 134 per cent, than any other state. In the last 15 years it zoomed from 32,102 to 75,305 members.

(More church news on page 69)

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Memorial Bells by Schulmerich!® What a uniquely wonderful way to remember a loved one! And surely your church would appreciate receiving these pure-toned Schulmerich bells as a "living" reminder, too. As a gift from you . . . in your own name . . . while you are here to give! Appropriate plaque, if desired. Inexpensive! Write for information and brochure.



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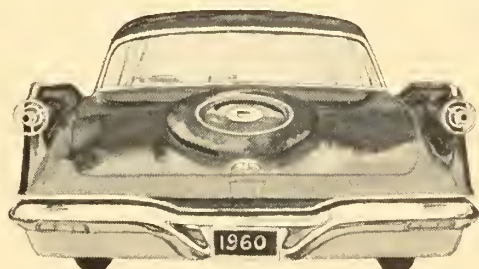
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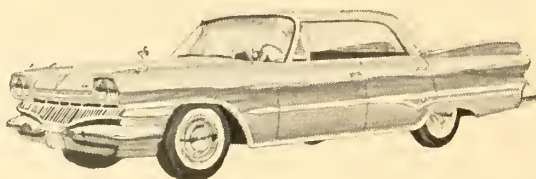
Pure Automobile by Chrysler Corporation

You'd know these cars at a glance, anywhere you saw them. Their sculptured, thrusting lines are unmistakably Chrysler Corporation.

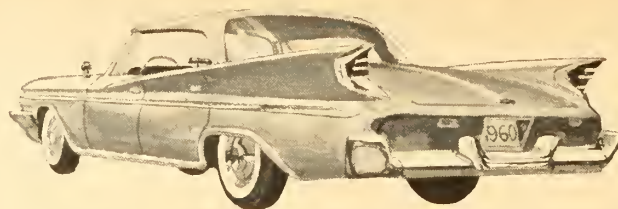
Yet, each one has a distinctive personality all its own. Here are some of the deft touches that set them apart from any other cars on the road...



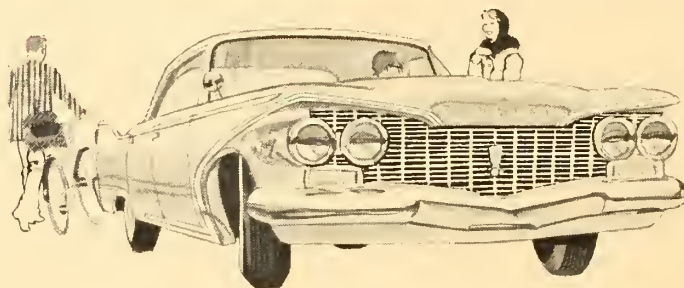
1960 IMPERIAL... The famous gunsight taillights. Massive, low-slung bumper with a wide longhorn curve.



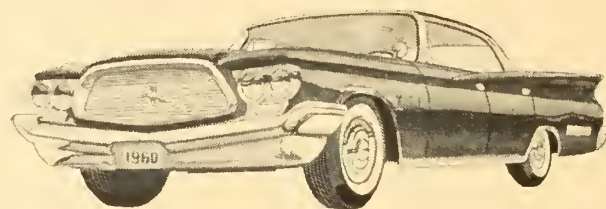
1960 DODGE DART... Clean, taut lines flowing from the backswept grille to the trimly sculptured rear fender.



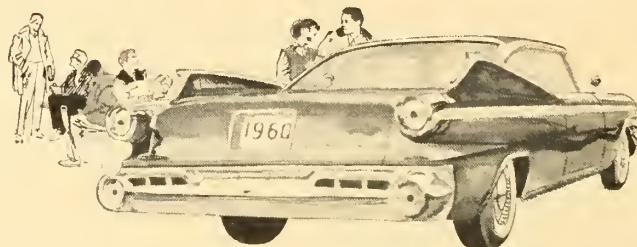
1960 DE SOTO... A long, gently curving flow of metal, like the vane on a missile, from taillight to fender-front.



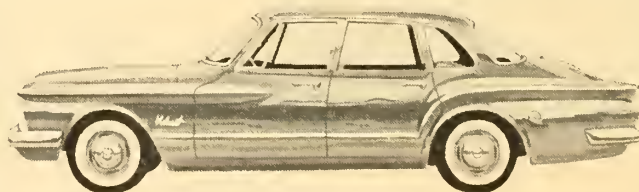
1960 PLYMOUTH... Air-scooped fender insert, outlined by a whiplash arc that sweeps from wheel opening to hood.



1960 CHRYSLER... Renowned, racing-car grille brought up to date. In the rear, flying V taillights.



1960 DODGE... Double-barrelled taillight and back-up light sets flank the broad, sleek expanse of the rear deck lid.



1960 VALIANT—a decidedly classic accent from sports car grille to sloping rear deck.



The Quick, the Strong, and the Quiet from **CHRYSLER CORPORATION**

I've Seen Miracles



By ANNA-MODINE MORAN

I NEVER asked to witness miracles. They were there for all to see.

One day, in midsummer, I stood alone on an isolated rustic bridge in a large park, gazing down at a shallow pond. Rain the previous night had settled the dust of the meandering paths and cleared the surface of the stagnant water. Water lilies spread their broad, flat leaves on the limpid surface; their white waxy blossoms scented the air with bread-and-butter fragrance. Dragonflies with iridescent wings darted from leaf to blossom, skittering about on the tranquil water.

Shafts of sunlight, penetrating the foliage overhead, cast wavering patterns of gold on the grass and were refracted in prismatic colors by clear drops of rain clinging to shrub and vine. Alone, sheltered and surrounded by God's handiwork, I wondered if it was possible that he was looking down on that peaceful scene, enjoying it as much as I.

Across the street from my home stands a huge tree. Each year, for about two weeks in late autumn, it becomes a flaming thing, its scarlet beauty a magnificent display of God's creative power. Throughout the day I often used to take time to look at that gorgeous growing miracle, and the memory of it has brightened many a dismal, disheartening winter day.

Not every winter day, of course, needs that kind of brightening. I remember one morning, after a quiet, pitch-black night, when I raised the shades to behold another miracle: winter's white magic had transformed the flower garden into a wonderland. What had been dry flower

stalks, and leafless bushes and trees, had become graceful swans, crouching lions, horses in gorgeous trappings, charging knights in glacial armor.

The birdhouse, a miniature replica of the cottage, was a toy Parian-marble castle, its dome and turrets like heavy glass, its windows huge rubies gleaming in the sun. Trees that had stood like skeleton sentinels, guarding the garden gate, now were attired in smart white uniforms. The scrawny elm was a noble king, majestic in an ermine robe and crown sparkling with many-faceted gems. Garlands of finespun crystal festooned the arched arbor and the summer-house. The rustic garden seats were Oriental divans upholstered in sequin-studded plush. What a benevolent magician is winter!

We humans are invited to watch Nature perform her God-inspired miracles each day in the year. She is always on-stage in her outdoor theater. A seed sprouts, a flower expands to full bloom, another goes to seed. A cocoon splits to emit a beautiful moth; a chrysalis bursts to release a brilliant butterfly. More often than we realize, these transformations occur right before our astonished eyes.

God has permitted me to see many wondrous earthly scenes and I've stored them in a mental treasure house to enjoy again and again whenever I wish. I thank God for the precious gift of sight—but even more for a retentive mind.

My vision grows dimmer day by day; specialists tell me that one day soon I shall be totally blind. But even in darkness, I shall still behold God's miracles.



Deep in West Virginia's Green-sloped Mountains Is Amherstdale—

Where Machines Mine Coal

By James M. Wall and George P. Miller



Digging for facts: Photographer Miller (left) and Reporter Wall found miners facing an uncertain future with the individualistic courage typical of mountain folk.

Sufficient unto every age are concerns thereof—but ours seems to have more than its share. As science races on, human problems follow like shadows at sunset. Experts have reported in TOGETHER on many problems—A-bomb control, space ownership, population explosion, to name a few. This month two staffers pinpoint what automation means to a town with a disturbed industry.—Eds.

BY TRADITION, there's an affectionate link between Methodism and men who mine coal. It dates back some 200 years to morning-twilight services at coal pits in England held by a short, black-haired preacher fresh from Oxford. To miners discouraged by low pay, long hours, and inhuman working conditions he brought confidence and courage. His name was John Wesley.

Were he living in America today, coal miners again would certainly be high on his prayer list. They are

Donkeys disappeared from the mining scene years ago, replaced by shuttle cars (at left in photo) and electric rail cars. Because of explosion dangers, only electric motors are used in mines.



The miner's lamp now is battery powered. Someday fully automatic machines will mine coal in total darkness.



Jobs dwindle—but people cling to their way of life.

in trouble. A new industrial revolution stemming from push-button mechanization and more efficient management threatens the pick-and-shovel man. Although U.S. bituminous coal output is about the same as in 1948, employment has dropped from 400,000 to 200,000. And the trend continues.

In West Virginia the focus is sharp—for the mountains drained by the Monongahela, Kanawaha, and Ohio are honeycombed by coal mines. As men are idled, they and their towns must learn new techniques of accommodation to change.

Methodism is especially concerned—for its traditional interest in coal miners is reflected by 1,500 churches and 210,000 members in West Virginia. To find out how they are helping, we went to Amherstdale, one of six mining camps alongside winding, coal-black Buffalo Creek. This village of 2,200 depends upon coal. Its two mines produce 8,000 tons each working day. But whereas 675 men were required for the job a year ago, it's now done by 575.

At the root of the problem are machines. They are being used now in the mines to drill, undercut, and load coal with steadily increasing efficiency—and a corresponding decrease in the need for manpower. Today's miners are rapidly becoming technicians; the mechanical mind is valued far more than the strong back of "16 tons" fame. This increased efficiency means that coal can continue to compete on the fuel market: it also means the permanent displacement of men whose \$25-a-day wages placed them high among America's workers.

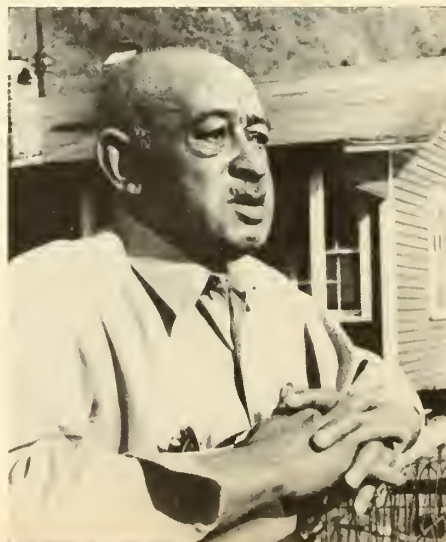
Why is automation bludgeoning the coal miner so hard? Mechanization has hit the industry later, but at a much faster pace, than in other industries. Critics of the powerful United Mine Workers Union say that it

Cars carry miners, who lie prone, through low-ceilinged tunnels at day's end. Above, they step off, en route home.

Coal-mine boss, Hubert Barber:
Our equipment is expensive. We've had to spend about \$4 million to compete in today's present market."

Ex-janitor Levi Brown, now retired:
"I was with the mines all of 22 years but I wasn't a miner, so I don't get any pension. I've only my Social Security."

Miner-turned barber, Daniel Jackson:
"I came here in 1916 as a miner, but I switched to barbering. I make out, but my business has fallen off lately."



Automation is no problem yet to these children, racing to school for a game of tag before the bell.



Idle miner and father of three, Harvey Arms: "I think I may have to pull out. Since I've been laid off, I work packing shelves. So far, I have lost 15 pounds."



The James Baileys, parents of four: "Back last fall, during the steel strike, I was laid off. We were pretty worried. I'm 35 now and I've worked in the



mines since I was 16. But I'm back at work full time now and we can go ahead and put siding on our house. It's good to have checks coming again."



Wesley House (white building, lower left) is a community center. Here people play, worship, and plan for the future.

Standing since 1917, the Methodist church below—oldest church building in town—recently was repaired.



Methodism faces new tasks among men who mine coal.

held mechanization back too long, then permitted it to come in too quickly. This, these people say, has made gradual transition impossible. Union officials, however, insist that they have encouraged mechanization so the cost of coal can remain down while miners' wages keep going up.

In Amherstdale, the blow fell when the local company bowed to the times and sold its holdings to a state-wide organization, large enough to bring in the heavy machinery needed in today's highly competitive market. Mining families miss the personal touch of the old company and are fearful of the corporation that has taken over.

The new company, on the other hand, is doing all it can to urge laid-off miners to look elsewhere for work. One official reported:

"We want our young people to get training for maintenance and operation of these machines. Someday this will be a push-button operation, and we need skilled people to run the machines."

Some have left their families in Amherstdale and hunted jobs in Cleveland and Detroit. But separation from their homes, plus the strangeness of big-city ways and above-ground industrial work, already has sent most of them back to their mountain village.

The Amherstdale church building was put up in 1917 as a community church. In 1928, it became Methodist

and today is served by the Rev. D. E. Bayer, Jr., a graduate of Westminster Theological Seminary [now Wesley Theological Seminary, Washington, D.C.], who is completing his first year on the charge.

Mr. Bayer is an active member of the community council, seeking to provide free lunches for children of unemployed miners. Yet in his congregation are only a handful of miners. Most of the 115-odd members are women, young people, employers, foremen, and mercantile men—but with traditions of coal in their blood and marrow.

In one important respect, Amherstdale is more fortunate than many other mining communities: it has an active Wesley House program, led by Miss Verdie Anderson, a deaconess, and her assistant, Miss Alice Hite. Operated by the West Virginia Conference WSCS, this white-frame building is the center of continuous children's and youths' programs. The interracial activities include daily kindergarten, Scouts, special summer programs, and other groups.

Generous support of the church and its activities seems to be typical not only of Amherstdalers but of all West Virginians. "They'll split their last dollar with a Methodist preacher," reports Bishop Lloyd C. Wicke, who presides over the area from Pittsburgh. He points with pride to a Methodist children's center at Beckley which recently asked for \$50,000 and, instead, received



Jobs may be uncertain, but when they gather for midweek service, these Methodists still sing out.

\$197,000 and to a hospital at Clarksburg which with an \$800,000 goal soon had it oversubscribed to the tune of a whopping \$972,000.

West Virginians are largely old English and Scotch-Irish stock. Their mountain-bred, freedom-loving individualism is documented by separation from Virginia in 1862, midstream in the Civil War. Visiting magazine writers may shake their heads in gloomy pessimism for their future, but not your typical West Virginian.

"We've had problems before," he'll tell you. "We'll lick unemployment, too—probably in various ways with some agriculture, new industries, and some give and take in population moves."

Bishop Wicke agrees.

"I believe in these people," he told us. "The mountains may be depleted of some wealth but the human resources are intact. There's something heroic in the way these people face up to reality. They'll sacrifice if necessary—but you can be sure they'll prove the prophets of gloom wrong!"

In Scout uniform here, Miss Anderson has daily—and helpful—contact with the youngsters. She and Miss Hite live in the Wesley House.



*A tale of two boys whose love caused a family crisis,
and how the younger helped solve it by giving . . .*

Half a Gift

By ROBERT ZACKS

I WAS 11 years old then and my brother, Nick, was 14. For both of us, this purchase of a gift for our mother on Mother's Day was an occasion of excitement and great importance.

It was our first gift to her. We were very poor. It was just after World War I and we lived in a time of trouble. Our father worked now and then as a waiter. Birthday and Christmas gifts were taken care of by him as well as he could, but such a thing as a Mother's Day gift was an out-of-the-ordinary luxury. But we had been fortunate, Nick and myself. A secondhand furniture store had opened on the block. Deliveries were made by means of loading the furniture on a wobbly pushcart, which we pushed through traffic to the customer's home. We got a nickel each and, perhaps, a tip.

I remember how Nick's thin, dark face blazed with joy at the thought of the present. He had been given the idea in school. The anticipation of surprise and giving grew in him, and myself, until we were almost frantic.

When we secretly told our father, he stroked our heads proudly.

"It's a fine idea," he said. "It will make your mother very happy."

From his wistful tone, we knew what he was thinking. He had given our mother little enough in their life together. She worked all day, cooking and buying and tending to us in illness and stoking the stove in the kitchen with wood and coal to keep us warm in the winter. She did her own washings of family clothes in the bathtub. And she did all these things silently. She did not laugh much, but when she smiled at us it

was a beautiful thing and worth waiting for.

"What are you going to give her?" asked Father, thoughtfully. "How much money have you?"

"Enough," said Nick, mysteriously.

"We're going to give separate presents," I announced.

"Pick carefully," my father counseled.

"You tell Mother," said Nick to him, looking at me for approval, "so she can enjoy thinking about it."

I nodded. My father said, "That is a big thought to come from so small a head. And wise."

Nick flushed with joy. Then he put a hand on my shoulder and said quickly, "Joe thought of it, too."

"No," I said, "I didn't." I wanted no credit for what was not mine. "But my present will make up for it."

"The thought belongs to everybody," said Father, smiling. "Everybody. Nick, too, got the thought elsewhere."

For the next few days we enjoyed the game of secrecy with my mother. A shining look came into her face as she worked near us, pretending not to know, and she smiled often. The air was full of love.

Nick and I discussed what to buy. "Let's not tell each other what we're getting," said Nick. He was exasperated with me, for my mind was not as settled as his and scooted around like a fly in summer.

"We might get the same thing," I wailed.

"No, we won't," said Nick. "I have more money than you." I did not like this remark, though it was fair enough. I had spent some of my earnings for candy, while Nick had



determined to spend everything on the gift.

After careful deliberation I bought for my mother a comb decorated with little shiny stones that could even be mistaken for diamonds. Nick came back from the store with a pleased look. He liked my gift very much but wouldn't tell about his.

"We will give the gifts at a certain moment I have picked," he said.

"What moment?" I asked, mystified.

"I can't tell, because it has something to do with my gift and don't ask me again what it is."

The next morning Nick kept me close. When my mother got ready to wash the floor he nodded to me and we ran to get our gifts. When I came back, Mother was on her knees,

wearily scrubbing the floor with scouring powder and scrubbing brush, and mopping up the dirty water with old rags made of discarded underwear. It was the job she hated most in the world.

Then Nick returned with his present, and Mother sat back on her heels, looking unbelievably at the gift. Her face went pale with disappointment as she looked at the new scrubbing pail with the wringer and fresh mop in it.

"A scrubbing pail," she said, vexed. "A Mother's Day gift of a scrubbing pail." Her voice almost broke.

Tears sprang to Nick's eyes. Without a word he picked up the scrubbing pail and mop and blindly trudged down the stairs. I put the comb back in my pocket—I hadn't

even had a chance to show it to Mother—and ran after him. He was crying and I felt so bad I began to cry, too. On the way down we met Father. Nick could not talk, so I explained. "I will take it back," sobbed Nick.

"No," said Father firmly, taking the pail. "It's a fine gift. A wonderful gift. I should have thought of it myself. Women sometimes don't see how to escape their burdens. They escape in pretty baubles rather than less work."

We all went upstairs again, Nick climbing reluctantly. Inside the kitchen Mother was still scrubbing, but not vigorously. Slowly. Sadly. Without a word, Father soaked the puddle of dirty water up with the mop and, using the foot wringer on the bucket, neatly squeezed it dry.

"You did not let Nick finish," he said to her sternly. "Part of his gift was that *he* was going to wash the floor from now on." He looked at Nick. "Isn't that so, Nick?"

With a flush of shame, Nick understood the lesson. "Yes, oh yes," he said in a lower, eager tone.

Repentantly, Mother said, "It is too heavy work for a 14-year-old boy."

It was then I realized how smart Father was. "Ah," he said, cunningly, "not with this wonderful wringer and scrub pail. It's much easier. Your hands stay clean and your knees don't hurt." Again Father demonstrated quickly.

Mother said, looking sadly at Nick, "Ah, a woman can become so stupid." She kissed Nick and he felt better. Then they turned to me.

"What is your gift?" asked Father. Nick looked at me and paled. I felt the comb in my pocket. It would make the scrubbing pail, again, just a scrubbing pail. After all, a comb with shining stones just like diamonds!

"Half the scrubbing pail," I said mournfully, and Nick looked at me with love in his eyes.

It was then I realized how smart Father was.

"Ah," he said, cunningly, "not with this wonderful wringer."



READER'S CHOICE

This wistful personal-experience story, reproduced by permission of the author, appeared in *Collier's* 13 years ago. What's your favorite published story? You may win \$25 if you're first to nominate it!—Eds.



Administering first aid to an accident victim is just one part of the day's work.

Their HAs (helpful acts) far outnumber arrests.

Vermont's Good Samaritan Troopers

By CHARLES MORROW WILSON

VERMONT, the Green Mountains backbone of New England's village and rural life, is a little state, mostly vertical or diagonal, with approximately 370,000 people and 390,000 milk cows. Among its big things are the world's largest rock quarries and the nation's highest per-capita purchase of books, including the Bible. Less noted items include the nation's lowest per-capita indebtedness, the remarkable record of never having had a bank failure, and the lowest capital-crime rate in the English-speaking world.

A principal reason why capital

crimes are few and the total crime rate is controlled is the 100-man Vermont State Police Force, commonly mentioned as the "force with the church-inspired background." The late Col. Bruce Smith, Sr., remembered as the father of U.S. state police forces and renovator of both Scotland Yard and the Royal Canadian Mounties, once described the Vermont force as the most competent group of country policemen ever assembled.

Vermont's state police lead all uniformed forces in number of hours of investigations per case and ratio

of convictions to arrests, currently close to 90 per cent.

Yet troopers' HAs—helpful acts—outnumber arrests more than 17 to 1, with the force relying increasingly on working associations with churches, schools, civic and service groups, and practical farmers, who comprise a majority of the state's citizens. Listed as "rational police routine," church links begin in rookie training, gain momentum in regular police refresher courses—where ministers and laymen discuss their work and problems—and reach a peak in unpublicized championship

in law enforcement. Often half a dozen or more denominations co-operate simultaneously in a cleanup drive as they did recently in stamping out a numbers racket introduced in Vermont by out-of-staters.

In another case, quiet collaboration with state police by an upstate Methodist minister's wife led to the out-of-court solution of a distressing series of piggy-bank thefts incited by the teen-age girl stooge of an illicit coin-machine operator. Without having to resort to arrest, a police sergeant persuaded her to stop.

The influence of churches, whose spires grace Vermont like an exquisite diadem, has percolated into law enforcement. It helps raise the HA tallies and adds diversity to the total. Often strayed or lost livestock are returned to owners by troopers. Recently one trooper voluntarily helped his about-to-be prisoner reroof his house before taking him to jail. "Winter's coming and the man's family has to be sheltered," the officer remarked matter-of-factly.

Likewise, a trooper corporal helped a house painter finish a job before arresting him. "I knew he couldn't collect his pay until the work was finished, and I knew his family had to eat while he was in jail," Cpl. Russell Patnote explained.

Similarly, two troopers helped butcher and salt down a winter's supply of pork prior to hauling in an accused farmer. And, typically, one Vermont trooper not long ago was milking 16 cows in addition to his regular duty stint because, having taken their owner to jail, he found there was no one else to do the work.

The great majority of helpful acts and church collaborations, however, have no direct association with law-breaking. Dr. Paul Dudley White, the President's famous heart specialist, commented on this when his car blew a tire while he was en route to his Vermont hideaway: "A trooper drove up, changed my tire, tuned my engine, shook my hand, and assured me it could have happened even to a bicycle! Now how did that young man know about my advocacy of bicycles for exercising?"

Tinkering with stalled engines, changing flats, dispatching snow-stalled trains, pursuing strayed livestock, pitching hay, manning sleds to carry out sick or wounded people

from winter-bound backwoods, and administering first aid to bicycles, horses, or cows are all in a day's work of Vermont's contemporary Green Mountain boys—a nickname first used to describe the state's Revolutionary War soldiers.

Since many of the HAs are performed on troopers' own time, man-hour demands are frequently formidable. One sergeant, long a devotee of horses, is stationed in a countryside where there are many horses but no veterinarian. He serves gratis and happily as the countryside horse counselor. In another village, a green-uniformed colleague became concerned about bicycles when he saw a school child take a bad spill because of improper wheel alignment. On his own time, he aligned the wheel and tightened the brakes. Performing encores on several other ailing brakes, he presently found himself tagged as an after-hours, no-charge bike mender. "Getting to the roots of some of the traffic problem," the trooper confided with customary Vermont brevity.

Recently one of the state's oldest furniture firms suffered a disastrous fire. The ledger, which contained the only listing of \$65,000 in outstanding accounts, was charred. Since the fire was without reasonable suspicion of crime, the state police could not intervene officially. But Lieut. Andrew Monti, who heads the force's crime laboratory at Montpelier, and his assistant, Cpl. Ronald Woodward, voluntarily—and without a cent of pay—put in 11 long evenings and two days off deciphering the scorched ledger. "Just a couple of fellows helping their neighbors," the lieutenant explained. "After all, who could be so heartless as to leave any Vermonter owed \$65,000 and unable to prove it?"

An average of 10 troopers take rotation as the plain-clothes trouble-prevention detail. These "onlookers" specialize in settling grievances out of court, with savings to both taxpayers and principals. This has helped the force achieve its record of recovering more than half of all stolen goods reported. First offenders are frequently permitted—even encouraged—to make restitution or otherwise arrive at agreements out-side of court.

Not long ago a tough arson case

was solved when a dungareed on-looker told a farmer: "Bill, I've helped you with your big job of getting in the hay. Now how about your helping me with my big job of getting in this firebug?" That farmer's volunteered testimony solved the mystery.

Left to natural courses, DDs (domestic disturbances) and family quarrels congest courts and divert troopers from essential duties. Vermont troopers, however, help settle many arguments before they can reach court. The time-honored routine is for a trooper to hear both sides privately, then pick a place in the home—preferably near the kitchen wood box—and encourage the disputants to state their grievances. He then proceeds to referee a solution.

This sometimes involves a heart-to-heart talk with the local minister. The DDs are frequently as astonishing as they are revealing. One lieutenant, for example, recalls a woman who reported that her "brute of a husband" had spanked her cruelly, then abandoned her. When her minister's wife expressed gracious doubt that the whole truth had been told,



Crime-prevention labs, two of them mobile, high standards, and superb trooper training give the state an exceptional ratio of convictions to arrests.

Christians at the Wheel



IMAGINE picking up your newspaper some morning and reading screaming black headlines: "38,300 Die in Worst Accident! 1.3 Million Maimed! Property Loss 4.5 Billions!" Maybe this would shock us all into a long-overdue realization of the toll auto accidents are taking of human life and property in this country. For the figures in our imaginary headlines are the traffic totals for just one recent year.

Since 1899, when the first traffic fatality occurred in New York City, 1.5 million Americans have died in automobile accidents!

What does this mean to us as Christians? We are faced with a deep moral problem. We are condoning mass slaughter on our highways.

Why is it that we refuse to face up to the fact that reducing this toll of needless deaths, crippling injuries, broken families is *our* job? Visit any traffic court and you'll hear the remarks which betray our thinking:

"Judge, I had the right of way."
... "How did I know he'd stop so short?" ... "Taking away my license for a few busted fenders!"

Instead of griping, we should applaud any cop who gives a ticket, any judge who fines us if we break the rules of the road. We must exert moral pressure to see that drunken drivers are punished. When we fail to accept our responsibility as Christians, we fail to accept our responsibility for the lives of our family and our friends.

It was all summed up best by John Donne when he wrote:

"Any man's death diminishes me, because I am involved in mankind; and therefore never send to know for whom the bell tolls; it tolls for thee."

—RAY ASHWORTH

the lieutenant made a discreet search for the errant husband. He found him—scratched, scarred, and bandaged. The state policeman and the pastor's wife effected a reconciliation.

Since 1791, when Vermont begrudgingly permitted the United States to join it, Vermonters have been suspicious of any central police authority. Even in 1947, when a skeptical legislature authorized the then 36-man motor-vehicle inspection force to assume the status of a state police force, thousands of Vermonters had never dealt with uniformed policemen.

Law enforcement had been handled by high sheriffs (never more than 14 in the entire state) and by township constables (elected at town meetings but never uniformed and rarely armed or trained for professional police work). When the Vermont State Police was formally born, only seven towns in the state had municipal police forces.

Thus the Vermont State Police came into being primarily as a rural constabulary to take over the major burden of law enforcement for the entire state at a time when U.S. crime rates were soaring and big-city gangsters were eying that supposed land of hayseed cops and comic-opera constables as a haven.

In 1951 William H. Baumann, a policeman since he was 16, a student of fire prevention and veteran of fire-department service, a former uniformed member of the U.S. Department of Justice's Border Patrol, and more recently the chief arson investigator for the Vermont State Police, took command. For good measure, he became commissioner of public safety and head of civil defense.

Baumann was then 31, the nation's youngest state police head. The governor warned him of the grave law-enforcement problems with which he would have to wrestle. Bill Baumann liked the thought of wrestling again. He had been a champion in high school, a state amateur titleholder, and once wrestled professionally.

A devoted believer in taking the offensive at the outset, the former athlete moved frontally on a gangster headquarters which had lately been established within Vermont boundaries, evidently as an experimental use of the Green Mountains

as a defensive stronghold for out-of-state mobs. The antisocial experimenters were appalled when Baumann personally led the state police cleanup squad. They were further appalled when they found themselves heaved bodily out of the state and profoundly impressed by Baumann's terse pronouncement that his force will not tolerate gangsters in Vermont. Furthermore, he continues to double-dog dare any of the lot to come in and try out him and his Green Mountain boys. Thus far the underworld, even the petty mobs, remain conspicuously absent.

As state police commissioner with colonel's rank, Baumann launched a carefully studied sequence of up-building moves. He began by equipping his force with the best autos, firearms, laboratories (two of them mobile), radios, radar, and other technical facilities. He established high selective standards and superb training facilities, which include basic police-training schools open to municipal and township peace officers as well as novice troopers. Having met his first great challenge by winning public acceptance of a state police force immaculately free of politics, Bill Baumann worked out many other advances. Trooper wages now are near national averages, though duty hours are longer.

BAUMANN'S winning hold is that of adapting a gradually expanding force to the rapidly expanding needs of villages and rural countryside.

"Comes easy as pie for breakfast," the muscular commander declares. "Practically every man on my force is country or village reared and qualified to milk a cow, fork hay, measure a mowing of grass, or tinker a tractor."

This, plus the fact that there are unseen but strongly felt church spires back of every badge, including those of some of the nation's oldest and most vital Methodist congregations, permits each trooper to fulfill the first obligation of all good policemen: apply the Golden Rule and thus earn the respect of every law-abiding citizen.

"When you get down to it," Colonel Baumann reflects, "real police service is a ministry."



The RFD mailbox a mile from her isolated ranch home is Mrs. Inmon's link with the world.

People Called Methodists: No. 9 in a series

Mother & Daughter + 60,000 Acres

Who said cattle ranching's too rigorous for a woman? Thelma and Delia Inmon are succeeding—with plenty of energy left over to help their "neighbors."

IN SOUTHWESTERN New Mexico's kingdom of the sun, the elements aren't always kind to people and cattle. It takes grit, hard work, and real savvy to succeed as a rancher there. And these are the qualities Thelma Inmon has put into her job since her husband died 11 years ago. A son, Jack, helped to operate the 90-section Crooked H spread until poor health forced him to leave. Then, three years ago, this active Methodist laywoman decided to take full charge herself. Her helpers were her capable 15-year-old daughter and an A-1 cowhand.

The comfortably lived-in Inmon home is 25 miles from Deming, the county seat; there's no telephone line between. But Mrs. Inmon and daughter Delia are far from provincial. An active member of the New Mexico Farm and Livestock Bureau, Mrs. Inmon recently was elected to her third two-year term as state chairman of women's work. And energetic Delia, now 18 and a freshman at New Mexico State University, has activities and interests "that won't quit." Among the honors she has won: queenship of the 1959 state fair.

Roping a calf is just routine for Delia (on horse). Mrs. Inmon, here watching cowboy John Crawford tie Delia's "victim," takes part in all chores.





Kitchen conference: planning a day's work starts Mrs. Inmon's morning. Crawford, talking things over with her, lives nearby with his family.

An empty watering trough symbolizes what ranchers fear most—drought. Luckily, this wasn't that serious; just a leak in need of repair.



Getting to the bottom of the trouble, Crawford and Mrs. Inmon pull 600 feet of sucker rod from a well—a long, hard job.



Managing a ranch isn't all outdoor work. Mrs. Inmon spends hours at her desk. Her writing includes a column for a ranch magazine.





Saddling her horse, Delia prepares for riding practice. Coached by John Crawford, a rodeo competitor, she has won many riding honors.



Sometimes riding's a sport, but it's practical, too. When it comes to working the cattle, Delia is an expert.



This is the sort of skill that helped Delia's high-school rodeo team win the state title last year. Here she's doing some fast "pole bending."





The round trip to town is 50 miles—too far to risk running out of gas, so Delia (above) takes no chances. At right, entertaining Nancy Gary, Delia listens to her friend's song—and at the same time models a new formal. Her mother, incidentally, sews many of her clothes.



A study in contrasts: around the ranch, Mrs. Inmon wears blue jeans and squaw boots (above). But for in-town appearances, it's back to conventional garb. At right, she chats with the Rev. Hollis Shook outside Deming Methodist Church.



"When it comes to playing with the children—and we do a lot of this—Phil and I have found we have more energy than some older friends."



We Married Young, BUT --

By Esther Mishler

"WHAT would you say to your children if they wanted to get married before they were out of their teens?" I was asked the other day. Actually, I won't have to face any such problem right away: Brenda is only six, Larry four, and Lisa three. But it's a controversial question, all right, whether it comes up at church, among doting mothers, at PTA, or among teen-agers themselves. And I've read some mighty discouraging articles about teen-age marriages.

The reason I was asked is that Phil was 19 and I was only 17 when we said "I do."

Personally, I think the answer is, "It all depends." But I know, from our own experience, it's possible for a teen-age marriage to work. Seven years after our wedding we have three children as happy and boisterous as any in the neighborhood. Like any other couple, we agree and disagree. We have our problems, we have our fun. All in all, I think this

makes us a pretty average couple.

I won't gloss over the fact that when we were married we weren't as prepared to face the world as we thought we were. Our parents warned us of this, but gave their consent.

Our wedding presents were well chosen and all we really needed to start housekeeping was an electric sweeper. We found exactly what we wanted, but when we said we would like to pay for it in monthly install-

ments we discovered we had an unexpected problem. Married or not, we were under legal age and couldn't sign a contract without a cosigner over 21. In addition to the embarrassment of having to ask an adult to sign for us, there was endless red tape. Oh, the worry and frustration of that first frightening time-payment contract!

WHILE waiting for our first baby I was dumfounded by my young husband's attitude. It may have stemmed from the fact that the money we had saved for expenses had been needed to repair our car at a crucial moment. But at the time I wondered if he didn't think perhaps that the entire episode was unnecessary. However, when Brenda arrived, I saw how wrong I had been. I'll never forget the first time Phil tried to pick her up. He was so awkward I giggled—until I saw the adoration in his eyes. It was obvious he loved, and was deeply concerned about, us both. I have never worried again over his being "tied down."

Since, whenever financial strains have been rough on us, Phil has been willing to work at a part-time job if necessary to meet the urgent expense. Because of his extra work, in fact, we were able to buy and furnish our own home much sooner than if he'd been content to "just get along."

At times, I know, it must have been hard for him to realize he has a family to support. Just as it has been hard on me, occasionally, to be wiping drooling chins or washing diapers when I knew my friends were going off to a gay party.

There was one particular New Year's Eve, for instance. For weeks Phil and I had been looking forward to going to a party that night. When the time rolled around, the baby sitter couldn't come. It was disappointing enough to face the fact that we would just stay home and watch TV. But when I happened to look out the window and see our neighbors leaving, all dressed up, self-pity flooded over me—I was wearing an old blouse and skirt, and was mopping up spilled milk.

Then my sweet, God-given cherub threw her arms about my neck and kissed me good night in her own special way, the one reserved just for

Ma-ma, and home seemed pretty wonderful after all.

I'm glad I took the time to finish high school before I got married. But I discovered schooling was little help against the hundreds of discouraging incidents that come up in daily homemaking. And I don't believe all the education in the world would solve the mystery of why something has to be spilled just after the floor is waxed, or where missing gloves and socks go.

High-school classes in home economics did teach me the basic seven foods my family needs to keep healthy, but I'm afraid they didn't make me an expert cook. I can assure you that while there's been many a joke about the bride's burned dinners, it's not funny if you're the bride who's ruined the main course when company's coming.

Some young wives work to increase the family bank account before starting their families. Others, like me, have their children early. Speaking for myself, I'm glad I did. Most experts agree that this is when a woman is best able to have them, both physically and emotionally.

Of course, each baby brings more work. If you're a beginning homemaker, this prospect can be staggering. But the fact that you may not be so efficient as your mother is counterbalanced by the fact that young nerves are more resilient, and gurgles and smiles lighten tasks that would otherwise be routine.

When it comes to playing with the children—and we do a lot of this—Phil and I have found we have more energy than some older friends. As the evening begins, Phil may plan to read or watch TV, but I've discovered that before long he's usually romping with the youngsters—as noisily as any of them.

Most of our married friends who have children the age of ours are a few years older than we are, but we've found this is no drawback to getting to know each other. Raising families together gives you a common bond. You have the same responsibilities and the same problems.

I have found, too, that learning together is one of the best arguments in favor of an early marriage. Being young when we were married, Phil and I realized we didn't know much, so were willing to search for answers.

After our first misunderstanding, I remember, I asked myself angrily: "Who is this man, really?" But misunderstandings can draw you closer, and we know now that while marriage is a union, it's a union with two heads.

We've found many of our answers in our religion. It isn't our habit to make a show of religious practices, but faith has carried us through circumstances that, at the time, seemed hopeless. The worst was when we learned that Brenda had been born with a dislocated hip. Until she was nearly two she was in a splint or brace. That was a time of tears—and of patience, work, love, and prayer.

Church, as a place of worship, quietly provides spiritual refreshment to last us through a week of trials, and I'm sure regular Sunday school and churchgoing will give our children a basis to judge life for the best. Already its influence has been exhibited in unexpected ways.

There was one evening after an especially depressing rainy day when we were taking a drive. Suddenly the clouds drifted apart and the sun shone squarely on our car alone.

"Look!" exclaimed an eager little voice from the back seat. "God's looking at us."

With the trend toward younger marriages, it won't be surprising if at least one of our children wants to get married while still a teen-ager. Right now, I don't know what I'd say. Some teen-agers mature faster than others and are probably ready for marriage before some of their friends. You can't put them all in one category.

I DO think, though—and this I probably would tell my child—that to make a success of a young marriage takes an extra amount of love and patience. These are two ingredients, however, that must be in the recipe for any good marriage, whatever the age of the couple.

Summed up, I'd say that Phil's and mine is a teen-age marriage that, with God's grace, has worked out. Problems come and problems go, but somehow we always manage. So do other young couples who share mutual love, trust and just good common sense.



Grandpa Power . . .

Every Pastor Needs One

By A. E. Purviance

DRIVING rain was beating against the windows of my study, a small upstairs room in the back of the church. The dark, gloomy day dampened my spirits as I sat at my desk, staring out at the Florida downpour. This was my first post-seminary appointment, and I was the new pastor of Childs Park Methodist Church in St. Petersburg.

Suddenly a door closed downstairs and a voice called up, "Anybody home?"

I was to hear those words many times in the next few years. It was the customary greeting of Albert M. (Grandpa) Power. When I assured him I was there, he trudged slowly up the steep steps, probably feeling his 73 years more than he'd admit.

I had met Grandpa the day before,

my first Sunday in the new charge. He had sat in the back row of the choir and I had particularly noticed his radiant expression.

When he came into my study I saw he was carrying a package. "Open it," he invited. I obeyed—and found inside a mouth-watering chocolate pie with thick meringue.

"My favorite pie," I beamed. "How did you know?"

"That was easy," Grandpa said. "Didn't you say in your sermon that a chocolate pie was the best eaten in the world? Grandma said you had nostalgia in your voice, so—"

"So you came over in the rain to bring me one?"

"I won't melt," Grandpa said. Just then his eye fell on some broken chairs. "What's the matter with

them?" he demanded. "They're smashed," I told him.

"Well," he answered me, "we'll see that they're fixed."

"Better forget them," I advised. "The church can't afford it."

Grandpa looked hurt. "Did you think I'd send a bill?" Then, smiling, "I've got a little tinkering shop."

Before the next Sunday the chairs were back in my office, painted and repaired. When I tried to thank Grandpa, he interrupted with some advice I have never forgotten:

"Don't thank me, thank God that he gives us the strength to do something."

And Grandpa was always "doing something." Like the day he came through the gate, pushing a motor-driven lawn mower painted green. "Try this and see if it isn't easier on the back," he smiled. It was a gift to the parsonage, and I knew he had made it after seeing me pushing a hand mower over the uneven land.

Grandpa even knew how to repair the church's well-used pipe organ. "I have to keep it working if I'm going to sing my solo," he told me once. I thought he was joking, but when spring came I found it was traditional for him to sing *The Holy City* on Palm Sunday. The radiance of his face made you forget that he occasionally missed the high notes.

Every Palm Sunday for five years Grandpa sang *The Holy City*. Then came the day of parting. I accepted a call to mission work in Alaska.

During my 10 years away both Grandpa and Grandma Power died. But I'm back from the mission field now and the other day I went by the old church. I walked into the sanctuary and touched the chair Grandpa Power had used in the choir. I ran my hand over the lighted cross he had made for the pulpit. Outside, in a little shed, I found the lawn mower, product of one man's love for God and his church, and I found myself saying, "Grandpa, you're still a part of this church—very much a part."

And I think when I get my summons from the Master, I'll ask to visit the choir. They may be singing *The Holy City* and there'll be a man in the back row with a face as radiant as the morning sun. And this time I'll call out to him:

"Anybody home?"



MIDMONTH
POWWOW

DISARMAMENT:

The Imperative of Our Time

Nuclear bombs have put urgency into the age-old hope of beating swords into plowshares. Is stopping bomb tests a feasible first step? Experts still disagree—as they did in our Powwow back in November, 1956, the second issue of TOGETHER. The discussion goes on. Bernard Baruch, for example, who

helped set the U.S. atomic policy, warned in September, 1959, *There Are No Short Cuts to Peace*, and last month Albert Schweitzer, missionary-physician, affirmed *There's Hope on the Main Road*. Now, three challenging views from three Americans, a psychiatrist, a church leader, and an economist.—Eds.

Our Precarious Balance of Terror

By JEROME D. FRANK

Associate Professor of Psychiatry, Johns Hopkins University

A PSYCHIATRIST sometimes asks a patient what's wrong with this statement: "Bill Jones' feet are so big he has to put his pants on over his head." If the patient can't see anything wrong with it, his thinking is obviously disturbed.

Equally absurd are statements about the nuclear-arms race being made by some of the nation's opinion leaders who are using words that don't mean what they seem to mean. Let me illustrate.

An intelligent, conservative newspaper spoke of "the grim business of balancing power against power as our only means of assuring peace." To me, such words are nonsensical. You can't balance power against power when each side can destroy the other many times over. And how can balancing power against power assure peace when it has always led to war?

Another editorial spoke of the tragic fact that we have to base our foreign policy on deterrents; if deterrents fail, then on retaliation.

But if deterrents fail, 60 million of us are destroyed. Even if we did retaliate, what would be accomplished except to bring the rest of the world down in a heap?

One of today's bombers with nuclear weapons carries more destructive power than all the bombers in World War II. A defense that is even 90 per cent effective would not prevent vast destruction, and nothing really resembling a defense is in sight.

Dangers of the arms race include the possibility that an atom bomb will go off accidentally. If this occurs in a trigger-happy world armed to the teeth with nuclear weapons able to fire at a minute's notice, it can well touch off Armageddon.

Too, there is the danger which springs from human malice. Atomic weapons are becoming cheaper and easier to make. An atomic bomb now is small enough to be

concealed in a typewriter case. Consider this: the underworld has always eventually come into possession of the current best means of destruction. It doesn't take much imagination to see how an Al Capone could hold up New York City by announcing: "I concealed an atom bomb somewhere which is set to go off in three days unless you do so and so."

A movie, *The Mouse That Roared*, lampooned this type of situation, with the bomb secret in the hands of a minuscule European state. The picture is good for a long laugh—but makes its point profoundly.

What impresses me most, as a psychiatrist, is the danger from the mentally unbalanced. The possibility is growing that someone in a position to fire one of these missiles will crack under the strain and order one fired, thereby triggering the holocaust.

We respond to the nuclear-arms race with indifference. We go about our affairs and plan for the future just as if atomic weapons were not aimed at our throats. Psychiatrists term this "denial"—dealing with unpleasantness by ignoring it.

The difficulty with denial is that it prevents taking constructive action. If the problem does not exist psychologically, there's no incentive to do anything about it. When death is threatened from sources beyond human control, denial is as good a way of handling it as any since nothing can be done in any case. But when the death threat is of our own making and can be removed by us, then the tendency to deny its existence is tragic. In the face of less imminent or less drastic unpleasantness, we tend to resort to "selective inattention."

It is easy to be inattentive to the dangers of nuclear weapons because they are both unprecedented and impalpable. Submarines lurking offshore, airplanes miles overhead, guided missiles poised on another continent, strontium 90 eating away at our bone marrow—all are tasteless, odorless, silent, invisible. We are aware of their presence only through constant effort of the imagination.

More alarming than the tendency to deny the dangers of the nuclear-arms race is the fact that attempts to find

solutions lead only to intensification of a course of action which enhances the danger and makes matters worse.

Take the example of the overburdened housewife who has several children, an unsympathetic husband, and not enough help. She suffers headaches or indigestion. She goes to bed and everyone rallies around. Her mother-in-law comes to look after the children.

This works for a while, then people get impatient with her and wonder why she can't get started again. They tell her it's all her imagination. She begins to act anxious and upset, and gets still sicker. She's caught in a vicious circle in which the more people are impatient with her the worse her symptoms get, until finally she's a psychiatric problem.

The more anxious a person is, the more rigid his behavior tends to become. Similarly, the more menacing the arms race becomes, the more frantically we build more weapons and the less we seem able to seek more sensible alternatives.

When faced with danger, one tends to oversimplify it. Thinking becomes stereotyped.

We now suffer from the stereotype of "the enemy." He tends to be perceived as intellectually inferior but possessed of an animal cunning which enables him easily to outwit us. He is cruel, treacherous, and bent on aggression. Our side is seen as intellectually superior but guileless and therefore easily victimized; peace-loving, honorable, and fighting only in self-defense.

It is remarkable how rapidly the stereotype of the enemy can be shifted from one group to another. Only 15 years ago, Germany and Japan were our hated enemies and Russia was our noble ally. Now the opposite is true.

The fact that the enemy is viewed as completely untrustworthy is perhaps the major source of tensions leading to war. The terrible thing about the mutual distrust of enemies is that some enemies are untrustworthy to begin with, but all become so eventually. Enemies cannot trust each other because each is forced to act in such a way as to justify the other's distrust. This is called the "self-fulfilling prophecy."

The pattern is seen in mental patients. The paranoid person believes other people are hostile toward him, look down on him, are contemptuous of him. So when he meets a stranger, he expects this response. He acts surly, disgruntled, suspicious, and stand-offish. Sure enough, the other person starts to dislike him, and his prophecy is confirmed.

Because we fear Russia will attack us, we ring her with bases. Because she feels we're going to attack her, she crushes Hungary and this confirms our feeling that she is a despotism. She develops intercontinental ballistic missiles, and that confirms our feeling that she's going to attack us. We have to build more bases—and so the situation deteriorates.

Soon each of us will be poised to attack when we think the other is ready to attack. The next step will inevitably be to decide to attack when the enemy is getting ready to attack, to make sure we get there first. And so we've got a mounting state of tension until the prophecy is at last fulfilled.

Our inability to break out of this suicidal behavior pattern is made more difficult because nuclear energy has changed the traditional meanings of certain reassuring words we habitually use in thinking about the issues of war and peace.

We speak of "defense" when we mean deterrents. We speak of the "balance of power" and say "we must catch up with the Russians." But what does "catch up" mean? How can you catch up when each side can annihilate the other three or four times over? How do you know when you've caught up? And what about "national security"? This term implies that a nation can be secure regardless of the security of other nations. Today we cannot control fall-out in our atmosphere no matter where an atom bomb goes off. The whole concept of having a nation secure, when the rest of the world is insecure, is ridiculous.

And then there is the soothing term, "stalemate." Stalemate implies a static situation. It's obvious, I think, that there is nothing remotely resembling a standstill in



WASHINGTON

BALTIMORE

The largest hydrogen bomb would demolish everything from blast and heat within a radius of five to 10 miles and then destroy by fall-out, or make unlivable, an area of

about 7,000 square miles, Dr. Frank has warned. This means one such bomb falling between Baltimore, Md., and Washington, D.C., would put both cities out of commission.

the present arms race. Each day it continues increases the chance of mutual destruction of the U.S. and the USSR.

To summarize: the inability of Russia and the U.S. to break out of the arms race seems to be due to several factors. Fear tends to make us deny the existence of the danger. When we do face up to it, the same fear makes it difficult for each country to change the behavior which creates the danger, especially since each is forced to behave in such a way as to confirm the other's suspicions. Finally, our thinking keeps leading to false conclusions because the words used in thinking about the issues have changed their meanings and we haven't recognized this yet.

So much for diagnosis. What about the treatment? Psychotherapy tries to help the patient see his problem and faulty solutions more clearly, as the first step toward finding better solutions. At the same time, by offering emotional support, the psychotherapist tries to allay the patient's anxiety so that he can find the courage to experiment with different ways of behaving. When these succeed, this weakens the old pattern of action and a process of progressive beneficial change begins.

One has consciously to fight the tendency to deny the extent and immediacy of the danger. And this involves checking the meanings of the words we habitually use in thinking about the problem. I constantly translate as I read these days. For "defense" I read "retaliation" or "deterrents." "Stalemate" is "mutual provocation." "Security" has become "danger" and so on. This helps to clarify the problem.

Our most important task is to break out of the "self-fulfilling prophecy," the trap of increasing mutual distrust. We must find the courage to stop basing our acts on the premise that Russia would attack us if she dared. This involves risks, but they are not so great as the risks entailed by the "self-fulfilling prophecy."

If we can break away from our stereotype of Russia as the enemy, it may be possible to initiate actions which will reverse the present disastrous spiral of mutual distrust. To this end, cultural and scientific interchange and co-operative efforts such as the International Geophysical Year deserve the strongest encouragement. But this is too slow. What is required is a change in our attitude at the conference table today.

We should negotiate on the assumption that Russia wants peace as badly as we do. This might make possible the essential first step—an agreement, if only temporary, among the nuclear powers to stop both the manufacture and testing of atomic weapons. In clinging to the idea that the only acceptable agreement is one which avoids all risks, we are forced to maintain the most dangerous course. It would be significantly less dangerous to agree to stop nuclear-arms manufacture and testing, notwithstanding the agreement may not meet our requirements for a system of inspection. If this first crucial step can be achieved, then it becomes possible eventually to develop a general system for maintaining world peace.

We can make the dream of peace come true only by holding fast to a basic truth—the essential brotherhood of man. The researchers of social and behavioral sciences have confirmed this insight, which has always been preached by the great religions of the world.

I hope that men can learn to permit themselves to be

happy, even at the cost of enduring the happiness of those whom they once hated. If this lesson can be learned in time, science can lay the foundations of a new golden age. If it cannot be learned, every increase of knowledge will only be a step toward ultimate and complete disaster.

Learning to live together is no longer a pious hope, but the necessary condition for survival. If we do not now shake off our apathy, mobilize our religious insights, and fight with all our strength for what we believe, we will never have another chance.

A Start: Ban on Nuclear Tests

By DANIEL E. TAYLOR

General Secretary, Board of World Peace of The Methodist Church

THE WEST seized the initiative at the Geneva disarmament conference with a thoughtful proposal for step-by-step dismantling of the world's lethal arsenals. It covered such pivotal points as the reduction of armed forces, the banning of mass-destruction weapons from outer space, and the establishment of guarantees against surprise attacks.

Earlier, in the UN General Assembly, every member voted for a resolution calling for "general and complete disarmament under effective international control." And on consecutive days last fall the same assembly heard disarmament proposals from Britain and Russia. American and French delegates suggested other steps toward assuring peace.

All of this may be only talk so far, but it's more discussion of arms reduction than the world has heard for years. And the positive tone of the statesmen who speak up approaches the language which has been characteristic of churchmen in airing their views.

The Board of World Peace of The Methodist Church, in its last annual meeting, reaffirmed its stand on disarmament. While such general boards do not speak officially for The Methodist Church, of course, this Board believes its position is in line with the statements of recent General Conferences. Contending that disarmament was the most crucial issue, the resolution said in part:

"We firmly believe that Christians can be satisfied with nothing less than general and complete disarmament, and we call upon the United States and all other governments to declare this to be their goal and to move in this direction.

"To reach agreement on disarmament there must be an increase of good faith. . . .

"The economic aspects of disarmament must be confronted intelligently and courageously. . . .

"Simultaneous with disarmament there must be growing recognition of international law and authority. If nations are not to settle their disputes by arms, there must be other channels for the submission of grievances and the achievement of justice."

In this action the Board made clear that neither arms parity, arms reduction, nor arms control could be considered a satisfactory objective to Christians. The goal is real disarmament, complete and universal.

But the statement evidenced further that Board members recognized no neat and simple solution.

Except for brief cutbacks after each World War, the arms build-up has continued generally unabated for 70 years. Currently the world is spending \$100 billion annually for arms. Nearly half of that is spent by the U.S. We can apparently carry a sum this large indefinitely, but the burden on our allies, especially the smaller countries, grows ever more critical.

The long history of conflict must not blind us to the fact that in thermo-nuclear warfare we face entirely new dimensions of destruction and death.

Once we have fully entered into the missile age, the right to life itself has been forfeited by two persons out of three in the Western world.

But the potency of modern war is far from the only reason why Christians must assess anew the morality of participation in thermo-nuclear conflict. Push-button war in a missile age completes the chain of impersonality in warmaking, thereby making complete its inhumanity. A man neither loathes nor pities a distant, unseen target. The nuclear warhead telescopes time. The ICBM annihilates space. Each blinding, instantaneous flash incinerates another metropolitan area. The human mind

cannot conceive of such a sum of split-second tragedy and anguish. It falls back dumbly into mere mathematics of millions of casualties. Such moments which are beyond human consciousness to comprehend are, therefore, devoid of any redemptive elements, since God reaches us through experiences having meaning and significance.

Public concern over deleterious effects has led to some suspensions of nuclear-bomb testing. Too often these intervals have been limited to the months necessary for the preparation of the next test series.

A test ban is not the only route to disarmament, but it is a real part of the problem. Success here lifts hope; failure here, with its consequently heightened tension, makes the next positive step more difficult.

Meanwhile; greatly increased experimentation is under way in this country in the development of chemical and bacteriological weapons as "humanized" additions to our arsenal. Moreover, these peculiar new arms are effective. With viruses so deadly that an ounce reportedly will kill 28 million people, chemicals so potent that one fountain pen full will poison any river system in the world, and smuts so powerful that a gallon will destroy the corn or wheat crop of any state, things are looking up when it comes to suitable substitutes for The Bomb.

The main attention of churchmen should center not only on the moralities of the new weapons. Instead, two bigger tasks confront us: disarming and turning the thoughts of our people to what is more important than arms.

The arms build-up has embraced over long years nearly every major area of our national life. The road to peace is no less difficult. It will take as long, cost as much, require as many stages, and involve as many people as preparing to wage all-out war. Yes, because of the constructive implications for many aspects of life, peace is an even larger undertaking. The real issue is when will we crest off the arms build-up, begin the diminution, and set the processes of peace to work? This is the most urgent issue before our nation.

The U.S. is in an awkward and unenviable position. No nation ever entered major disarmament negotiations as ill prepared and unready. In no year since World War II have we spent as a nation 1/100,000 as much for disarmament studies as we have for munitions. The first session of the 86th Congress passed a \$46-billion arms budget virtually without debate in less than an hour, including roll-call time, yet on several occasions turned down as too extravagant a bill calling for \$400,000 for disarmament planning.

Fortunately, private studies are substituting in part for official explorations. Boston attorney Charles A. Coolidge prepared for our part in the 10-nation disarmament conference under pitiful restrictions in staff and budget. Proposals had to clear to their full satisfaction half a dozen agencies before any constructive positions could be advanced.

But most important of all is the mood and temper of the American people. Do we have the will to peace? Do we believe that it is achievable? That we can live with mankind? That we can trust our neighbors?

The only way to stop our obsession with arming is to find something more important. The building of an economic structure to capitalize and industrialize the



Mauldin in *The St. Louis Post-Dispatch*

"Come on, lover, let's leap!"

world, and of a production system to feed and clothe the world are such substantial aims. Then, too, there are problems of health, education, and housing unsolved here at home. All these demand a responsible and continuous Christian citizenship—the kind of citizenship that can build a peaceful and secure world.

In Russia, peace too often is a slogan. In America, peace too often is a sentiment. Neither attitude is rugged enough for the challenges of contemporary life. The will for disarmament, real and realistic, is made of sterner stuff.

We Can Prosper Without Arms

By SEYMOUR E. HARRIS

Professor of Political Economy, Harvard University

COMMUNISTS CLAIM that U.S. "ruling circles" don't want us to slow our pace in the international arms race because a large cutback in armaments would cause a depression.

The U.S. defense budget for the fiscal year ending June 30 is nearly \$46 billion—more than half of the \$78 billion in the total budget. This huge outlay is a factor of major importance in our economy, but I believe we can prosper without it.

The War of 1812, the Civil War, and World War I all were followed by heavy cuts in military outlays, a price drop of 30 to 40 per cent, and depressions.

A low rate of arms production also accompanied the great depression of the 1930s, although it would be hard to argue any cause-and-effect relationship. It can be argued, however, that the U.S. did not really emerge from this depression until World War II arms production began.

Despite disarmament, however, the boom continued after World War II. In 1946, defense purchases dropped by the spectacular figure of \$57 billion. From 1946 to 1950 defense outlays averaged only \$14 billion yearly while the national income was rising, to the amazement of many who had predicted a postwar depression.

Then, after zooming to \$50 billion in the Korean War years, government outlays for security dropped by \$10 billion in 1954-5. At this time a brief recession developed, but it was eased by a tax cut.

Treating the years from 1941 to the present as a whole, we find a period of record prosperity coinciding with a period of heavy military outlays.

An oversimplified argument states that we can have prosperity with disarmament if taxes are cut. The money saved by taxpayers, so the argument goes, will flow into increased consumption and non-defense investment, while industry develops new and improved products to keep the economy dynamic and employment high.

Unfortunately, this argument ignores the unique circumstances of the late 1940s—the controls and shortages of the preceding years and the pent-up savings that created the postwar boom. Today, in contrast, we are in a period of high spending.

Moreover, our only large tax cut since 1952 favored those individuals and businesses taxed at the highest rates. This kind of tax reduction would increase the

probability that tax savings will be hoarded or be used disproportionately for investment and inadequately for consumption goods.

A high rate of investment would improve our productive capacity to fight the Cold War. But our private economy is faced with the problem of selling what it produces. We turn out more and more goods with a given supply of labor, capital, and management.

Actually, though, we do not have a "given" supply of labor; almost 1 million new workers are added each year. This, plus rising productivity, means that in each year of the 1960s U.S. output should increase by \$15 or \$20 billion over the year before. We must take this additional amount of goods off the market each year if we are to avoid increasing unemployment. I estimate that there will be 1 million unemployed for each \$8 billion of this increment we fail to take off the market.

Government defense outlays now remove \$46 billion from the market yearly. If this buying is curtailed, the market demand for goods and services will have to rise by an amount roughly equal to the curtailment, in addition to the annual rise of \$15 or \$20 billion per year needed to prevent unemployment. I do not believe that private spending will respond with enough strength or speed to accomplish this.

Our current defense program won't evaporate overnight. But suppose it is halved. How can we accommodate a \$23-billion cut in the defense budget, plus the normal \$15-20 billion increase in output, without severe dislocation and unemployment?

First, about half of the defense saving—roughly \$11 billion—can be returned to the public as a tax cut. Second, the remaining \$12 billion retained by the Treasury should be spent on non-defense government programs. The government spending would cushion the shock of a defense cutback, benefit lower-income groups, and fill the clear need for greater welfare outlays in education, urban renewal, housing, power, pollution, irrigation, conservation, flood control, navigation, forestation, airport improvement, highways, hospitals and health services, and social security. In part, the outlays would relieve state and local governments.

As defense spending is reduced, some cities and regions will feel the impact more keenly than others. Since, under my proposal, the federal government would continue to spend a substantial sum in place of part of its defense outlay, it can favor these areas.

Another approach is the Area Development Program, which the Eisenhower administration, as well as a number of senators, has sponsored. A substantial program would be needed to yield funds for planning and training workers for new jobs and to contribute capital as a means of attracting new industry. Any improvement in the unemployment-compensation program would also help the newly depressed areas to make an adjustment.

If these policies are adopted, substantial cuts in military outlays will not prove disastrous to the economy.

These policies, however, require planning now. We should prepare tax cuts, not wait to consider them only in response to falling income. And the government should begin to prepare a broad program of increased non-defense spending, in anticipation of the day when swords may indeed be beaten into plowshares.

23rd Psalm

FOR CENTURIES men have found solace and inspiration in the quiet beauty and simplicity of this ancient Psalm. Along with the Lord's Prayer, it is perhaps the best known passage in the Bible.

Unlike many others, the 23rd Psalm is not a lament. It breathes confidence and trust in the Lord; it expresses his goodness. Somehow its imagery—that of a Good Shepherd leading and protecting his flock—is as clear and meaningful to those of us in the atomic age as it was to the devout Hebrew who wrote it thousands of years ago.

And now, Floyd A. Johnson, TOGETHER's art editor, has captured this beloved Psalm in his own reverent water colors. Proudly we present them on these pages.

The Lord
is my shepherd,
I shall not want;
he makes me lie down
in green pastures.





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He leads me beside still waters; he restores my soul.



He leads me in paths of righteousness for his name's sake.



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Even though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,



I fear no evil; for thou art with me;



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thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of my enemies;



thou anointest my head with oil, my cup overflows.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life;

and I shall dwell
in the house of the Lord
for ever.



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Arrested and identified as a bank robber, one innocent youth found he was "the victim of a mild form of 'natural evil.'"

Christians must accept their trials and know . . .

How to Explain Hard Luck

By JAMES E. SELLERS

DANIEL DOUGH, JR., 19, copy boy for *The Norfolk Virginian-Pilot*, happened to have sandy, brown, close-cropped hair parted to the left. With it went hazel eyes and a rather full face. Judged by looks he had a clean-cut, healthy appearance well above the average.

Judged by circumstances, though, his looks came close to representing a curse upon him, for a Norfolk bank teller identified Dough as the man who tried to hold up the bank.

If all had been left to "nature," Dough might well have gone to jail for a crime he didn't commit. Fortunately, the real would-be robber, James Anderson, read that the FBI had picked up Dough. Conscience stricken, Anderson surrendered. Only when they were taken together to the bank could the teller correctly identify Anderson.

In cases like this we are struck by nature's mysterious ways. When he was taken in hand by the FBI simply because of the way he happened to look, Dough was the victim of a mild form of "natural evil." He was born with what very nearly became a menace to his freedom: sandy hair, hazel eyes, a full face.

Why should it have happened at all? And why, in particular, should this streak of tough luck have happened to Daniel Dough, Jr.?

More seriously, we can ask why some children are born with crossed eyes and crippled limbs. Or why the family of seven down the street lost their father so tragically. Why, in short, does nature seem to deal us blows so unreasonably and unpredictably? Natural evil is here whether we like it or not. But the more we are confronted with evil,

the harder we press to learn nature's innermost secrets.

How do you explain evil? Why do Christians believe in the reality of evil? What can you say about the way evil works?

1. *Evil is just in your mind.* If a fact is troublesome enough, one natural way of explaining it is to pretend it isn't there.

Journalists respect *The Christian Science Monitor*, a daily newspaper published at Boston, Mass. This fine paper has won many awards. Even so, it has what seems to many an odd practice. The editors of *The Monitor* do not like to talk about death—or most kinds of natural evil. Its reporters avoid, if possible, using the word. They prefer "passed away."

Besides, *The Monitor* generally stays away from news about crime and catastrophe. Its restraint on such

subjects is likely one of the reasons *The Monitor* has a reputation for sane, decent journalism. Nevertheless, not all Christians can accept the theological reasoning behind *The Monitor's* reluctance to broach the subject of death and other unpleasant aspects of existence.

The Monitor is operated by the Church of Christ, Scientist. Christian Scientists, following the teachings of their founder, the late Mary Baker Eddy, take the fundamental view that *evil is not real*. Such experiences as suffering, sorrow, sickness, death, and sin, they say, are "mistakes"—errors in our minds.

If men would think the right things, have faith in the manner Mrs. Eddy urged, say Christian Scientists, their ills could soon be healed completely.

Mrs. Eddy and her followers quote the Bible at length to prove their views. They like to talk about Jesus' work of healing—as when he cured a man with paralysis because the man and his friends had great faith. All Christians should believe in the healing power of faith. To the men of Jesus' day, health of "body" and health of "soul" were more or less one and the same thing. Faith in God and love of others, Jesus seemed to say, is the best possible treatment for your mind, spirit, and body. We can believe no less than that.

There is always the probability that God will require us to do a certain amount of suffering, with our bodies

as well as our hearts and minds. And here faith comes to the rescue, not by persuading us that evil is unreal, but by offering us courage.

2. *Evil is real, but not God's.* Another way of explaining evil is to admit it is real but deny God has anything to do with it. The usual approach is to build up satan into a permanent, evil force opposite God in the universe; then anything that is unpleasant, or wrong, or disorderly can be attributed to satan. God is thus left with clean hands.

Satan and his devils are very much in evidence through the New Testament. By reading these passages a certain way, you can make the demons look like independent agents, standing against God instead of falling under his control.

Take the story in Matthew about two men with "demons" in them. When Jesus saw these madmen, he took pity on them. He ordered the demons to go away. The demons promptly transferred their activities to a nearby herd of swine, and the swine rushed headlong into the sea.

The demons seem to be the immortal agents of an enemy god, powerful enough to send his agents fearlessly about on earth doing their dirty work. Even when Jesus confronts the demons directly, they do not lie down and die. They simply shift their operations to another place.

From such an interpretation as this we might feel that God has only a limited power over evil.

A neat theory, this. It has a major flaw, however. It pictures God as being in control of something less than all of creation.

If we examine the Bible's reference to satan carefully, we find a different picture. His special function appears to be to test men, to try their faith severely by bringing woe and temptations upon them. But always, satan is under God's control.

Writers of the Old and New Testament are practically unanimous on one point: whatever our conception of satan may be, there is no eternal force of evil independent of God.

3. *Evil is only temporary.* Much more popular than belief in satan is belief in the "happy ending." Today, we know that penicillin, a remarkable drug made from ordinary mold, is limited in its powers. But when it was introduced, certain journalists and medical men hailed it as virtually the answer to most of mankind's health problems.

Before long, however, doctors noticed penicillin sometimes seemed to lose its punch. With certain diseases it came to be less and less effective. Some strains of bacteria were able to develop an immunity to the mold. Some germs even learned, apparently, to thrive on penicillin. Even more discouraging, new diseases occasionally appeared, completely resistant to penicillin.

From all medical science can learn, diseases are an inescapable part of the environment.

Just as we like to dream that disease is only temporary and can soon be wiped out, we try to make the same assumption about natural evil. But, if we may take the New Testament seriously, reality seems to point in the other direction. Christ offers us courage and rest, but he does not guarantee us even a roof over our head. We must find our peace not in inventions and scientific advantages, but in the midst of risk and danger.

Christian faith sees truth in the belief that life has a happy ending. But the happy ending isn't guaranteed. The New Testament seems to say that men must "take their lumps." Some day, for each of us, there will be some kind of great chapter, and those who have sought fellowship with God will surely find the "happy ending" that so many have vainly sought. But there is no

Together We Can Do It!

UNDER God, working TOGETHER, we can both dream and do things that separately we would never attempt.

TOGETHER we can tackle the problem of finding homes for displaced persons and hope to find the answer.

TOGETHER we can build bridges of understanding between East and West, because in the Christian fellowship there is neither Iron nor Bamboo Curtain.

TOGETHER we can exert a steady and mighty influence against war and the armament race that can end only in war and all that makes for war.

TOGETHER we can become such a power for righteousness that what we think, say, plan, and do will be listened to in the councils of the nations.

TOGETHER we can turn away from the worship of the idols that have thrust us apart and turn toward the love of God, which alone can bring us together.

HAROLD A. BOSLEY, pastor of First Methodist Church, Evanston, Ill.

short cut we can take to avoid life.

4. *Evil is a matter of chance.* The author of Ecclesiastes more than once falls into a cynical, doubting mood. He appears to believe that God is really not concerned with the affairs of men. Misfortunes just seem to happen. Life is weary and vain.

Skepticism is typical of our own day, too. Many people say they believe in God, but they want to make him into something unimportant by their willingness to blame everything on chance. You can recognize this view easily by their slogans: "That's the way things are." "That's the way the ball bounces." "That's the way the cooky crumbles."

Many assembly-line jobs lead to a blind acceptance of fate that sees no purpose in life. Under this view, evil as well as good is thought of as "just happening," rather than as taking place in a world where God's purposes are built into everything.

Christians believe in the laws of chance, but they also believe in God's ultimate control of our destiny.

5. *Evil is a part of God's way.* God never wishes natural evil on us in cruel repayment for sins. That would make God a narrow-minded moral bookkeeper. Some writers of the Old Testament seem to misunderstand God's way when they claim that floods, catastrophe, death, and military defeat are God's punishment for the sins of the Hebrews.

We know from other writers that God loves us in spite of our sins. All he asks is that we turn to him in trust and repentance.

Love and risk go hand in hand. We have the chance to become men because God cares about us; we have the means of doing so only by accepting, through Christ, the call to put ourselves last, the call to risk everything we possess, including our lives, for the most valuable thing of all: new life in Christ.

Natural evil is a permanent part of creation. It comes to all, saint and sinner alike, and like everything else in creation, it is the work of God. Sickness, accidents of birth, catastrophes, and death—these are all part of the venture God asks us to take in peopling his world and serving him.

Condensed from How to Explain Hard Luck, chapter II of When Trouble Comes by James E. Sellers (Abingdon, \$2). © 1960 by Abingdon Press.

By ROY L. SMITH

Little Lessons in Spiritual Efficiency

Bargain-Counter Christians



IN THE Book of Acts (13:5-12) there is an interesting tale of an intelligent man who wanted to become something for nothing. His name was Sergius Paulus and he was the chief Roman officer in the government of Salamis, on Cyprus.

In this same city was a magician named Elymas—a renegade Jew, a dealer in mysteries and a get-rich-quick artist who posed as a prophet. Sergius Paulus, the procounsul, was so completely beguiled by Elymas that he had installed the Jew in his own household and was dining and entertaining him with abundant liberality.

The secret of Elymas' success with the procounsul lay in his claim that he could bend the will of God to his own purposes.

The New Testament record is brief and no attempt is made to list the full repertoire of the magician. The important thing is that he professed to know how to outwit the Almighty. And to Sergius Paulus, this appeared to be a short cut to power. One good trick from the magician and he might find himself seated almost next to the throne in Rome. He would become something for nothing.

The cult of Elymas is still with us—those who assure us that we can have health, wealth, happiness, success, and honors without cost. "You can be what you want to be," they

tell us. "You can have anything you want. It is as easy as that. You can learn all about it if you will buy our book or a ticket to our course." And those who want to be something for nothing flock to the gate.

Let it be said once and for all that there is no short cut to magnificence, that there is no secret by which one can outwit the moral order of the universe, that there is no way in which one can be something for nothing, that Christian character is never achieved without great effort.

The true Christian Gospel never offers anything easy except yokes. In strict warning, Jesus assured his disciples that he was sending them out among wolves and called upon them to shoulder crosses.

It is one of the contrasts between modern Christianity and Communism that the Church demands so little of its members and the party demands everything.

It is vastly more difficult to get into the Communist Party than to become a member of a Christian church. That is one of the reasons why the Communists are recruiting members approximately 10 times as rapidly as the Church.

This, then, is a basic rule of life: one cannot become something for nothing. Bargain-counter achievements are no better than the price we pay for them.

"I think I've made one of the first steps toward unraveling the mysteries of the Old Testament . . . I'm starting to read it!"



Cartoon by Charles M. Schulz

Teens Together

By RICHMOND BARBOUR

Q My girl friend and I went to a coffeehouse. They're the new fad in our town. We sat in a dark, candlelit room and drank coffee. The older people kept talking about the new anti-Christian religion called Zen. What is Zen?—R.P.

A It is a branch of Buddhism, a fad among beatniks. It denies the existence of the God we believe in. It denies Christ, heaven, the Ten Commandments, and the whole doctrine of our church. We've had such fads before. They don't last long.

Q I'm 15 and quite short. I like a girl who stands three inches taller than I do. I asked her to go to a dance. She said, "No," because it would embarrass her to dance with a shorty like me. Will I ever grow up?—W.Y.

A Of course you will. Talk with your father about it. You probably will repeat his growth pattern. Most tall girls are unduly self-conscious. They could have fun going with shorter boys if they'd let themselves do it.

Q I'm 17. My sister is 16. Every time I have boy friends at the house she monopolizes them. She pinches them, tickles them, laughs, and

does everything to attract their attention. She has a better figure than I have. She keeps teasing me about it. What can I do?—E.E.

A Ask your mother to help you. Probably she could keep your sister busy elsewhere the next few times your boy friends call. She also could insist that the teasing stop.

Q I like a girl and she likes me. One night a month ago I made a terrible mistake. She told her folks about it. Now her dad says I can never see her again. Is there any way I can prove I'm sorry, and be forgiven?—B.B.

A Don't try to see her now. Instead, concentrate on building a reputation for dependability. After a time, ask to talk with her father. Apologize for what happened. Give him your assurance it won't be repeated. Then be guided by what he says.

Q I'm a girl, 16. Last year my folks started taking me to their dancing club. I danced a lot with a man in his 30s. I guess he is in love with me now. Last night he said he would divorce his wife if I would marry him. I said no. Now I'm scared. Shall I tell my folks? What can I do when I see him again?—J.V.

A Try not to see him again. Don't go to the dances. Avoid the places where you're apt to meet him. Tell your parents what happened. If you should meet him, be completely non-committal. Don't even talk with him. He'll catch on.

Q I'm 13. I called my little brother "the wart." He is short for his age. It made him mad. He started calling me "the blob." That hurt my feelings because I am fat. I socked him. He cried and told Mom. Then she punished me. Can I get even with him without being punished?—B.Y.

A Don't try. It was a mistake to start things. He is ahead now. Let it rest that way.

Q My father tells me I have twice as much drill homework as he had in high school. I study until midnight four days a week. Most of my time on weekends goes to studying. I am in honors courses. I want to win a scholarship for college. I need A's. I had to resign from band and MYF. Is all this work really necessary?—R.C.

A High schools are giving more homework than ever before. Teachers believe it's the best way to teach. I'm almost sorry to report that

research indicates you probably could learn just as fast without the heavy homework. In nearly all the scientific investigations, supervised study in class has been found to be much more efficient than unsupervised drill at home. But don't stop doing your assignments. You need those A's.

Q *Who is going to decide what vocation I'll follow? Should my folks? Or should I? I'm a boy of 14. I want to be a newspaper reporter. My father is a doctor. He says I should be one, too. Mom thinks I should be a lawyer. Don't I have a say?—J.B.*

A Yes, you do. It is your life and you must live it. You may change your mind many times before you finish school. Consider your parents' wishes; discuss the possibilities with them. Talk with your school counselor. But the final decision should be yours alone.

Q *My folks bought me a '56 car. I'm 16. They say they'll buy new tires when the car needs them, but I must pay for everything else, including insurance. Is this fair? If they give me a car shouldn't they keep it running?—B.M.*

A The plan is fair. Millions of boys have to buy their own cars and pay their own expenses. You're lucky.

Q *I am 19 and engaged to a theological student. He will be ordained in June. My parents approve of him, but my grandparents don't. They tell me that ministers' wives are unhappy. They say we'll never have a dime. I'm worried. Do ministers make good husbands?—L.B.*

A By every measure that matters, ministers make superior husbands. Ministers' wives as a group are happy and well adjusted. It is true that ministers don't get rich, but neither do they starve. They and their families find lasting joy in serving God.

DR. BARBOUR writes just for you, teenagers. When you ask his advice, your identity always remains completely confidential. Write to him c/o TOGETHER, 740 N. Rush St., Chicago 11, Ill.—Eds.



Dr. Nall Answers Questions About

Your Faith

and

Your Church



Shall I tithe?

It's up to you!

Unlike some churches, The Methodist Church makes no requirements regarding the giving of its members. Church "dues" and pew "rents" are alike abhorrent. With us, giving is not an obligation but a privilege, and a joyful one.

Nonetheless, we have not done too well with this free-wheeling type of giving. (In 1956, we placed 39th among 50 largest churches in the United States with a per-capita giving of a mere \$43.82, only \$6.19 for

benevolences. In 1958, these figures grew to \$49.89 and \$7.14.) If Methodists generally tithed, there would be no question about the support of any of our churches or institutions at home or abroad.

The tither sets aside a tenth (some of us ought to be "fifthers" or even "halvers") when he receives his income. Tithing puts systematic stewardship in place of spasmodic stewardship. It is within the reach of everyone, no matter how much or how little he has.

Why are we urged to "love our enemies"?

Not, surely, because of them, though they are affected by our good will and our ill will, but because of ourselves. It is our own relationship, and not theirs, that concerned Jesus when he said, "Love your enemies and pray for those who persecute you." (Matthew 5:44, and see also Luke 6:32-33.)

Our good will—not mushy sentimentality—toward the person who opposes us, our concern for his

best interests, is such that we go on caring for him even as God does when anyone is cold or hostile to him. So we do good to those who hate us, bless those who curse us, and pray for those who spitefully use us. We want them all to be restored to right relationships with God, just as we expect to maintain right relationships ourselves.

Impossible? Is anything impossible with God?

What is the authority of the Bible?

It needs no authority outside itself. It requires no bishop, or council, or church for backing. In so far as it represents God, it calls for no endorsement. But we worship God and not the Bible, the only purpose of which is to define and describe him. We find God in the Bible, and through it he finds us.

Explaining how the books were first selected, the *Layman's Bible Commentary* says: "It was done first of all by the collective judgment of

everyday Christians who discovered that these books found them."

We do not value the Bible in terms of what somebody tells us about it, but through allowing it to tell us about itself—and ourselves. Like great music and great art, it is great because of what it does to us.

The author of books and pamphlets, Dr. T. Otto Nall is well qualified to answer questions on faith and church. He is a graduate of Garrett Biblical Institute and has been active in Methodist journalism since 1922. He now edits the *Christian Advocate*.

Light Unto My Path

WEEKLY MEDITATIONS BY MINISTERS

ON INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS



Elsie Hartman
Blooming Prairie, Minn.

MAY 1

*"Blessed are the pure in heart,
for they shall see God."*
—Matthew 5:8

THE LAY SPEAKERS were giving a five-minute speech each Sunday morning during the preparation for the every-member canvass. The morning the father of a four-year-old daughter was to talk, the girl said to him, "Daddy, you can't preach. You aren't a lady." She believed a minister must be a woman. Other children in other churches might say to their mother, "You can't preach. You aren't a man." Children are among those who are pure in heart.

A child said to his mother, "I am glad that the shepherds were clean when they came to see the Christ Child." "Why," asked the mother, "do you think they were clean?" He said, "Because we sing 'While shepherds washed their socks by night.'" Out of the mouths of babes and young children do we learn how they interpret the things they hear. "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

This is National Family Week, and when we look for the pure in heart, we look to the children in the home and church. Our faith must be a childlike faith; we must have the purity that children have. We cannot be "pure in heart" in our own strength. We must accept Christ as our Savior, and by his strength we may be pure. It is the childlike faith that we need. The only way we can be pure in heart is ever to strive to do God's will. In Hebrews 12:14 we read, "Strive . . . for the holiness without which no one will see the Lord." A child has no ulterior motive, therefore it is much easier for him to be pure. But an adult must be childlike in his willingness to do God's will. May we strive to do his will.

Prayer: Almighty God, we thank thee for the purity we find in a child. May we ever strive to keep

the Christlike spirit in our hearts and lives so that we may live lives of purity. Amen.

—ELSIE HARTMAN

MAY 8

*"Blessed are the peacemakers,
for they shall be called sons
of God."*—Matthew 5:9

YEARS AGO, I faced a class of teen-age history students. My aim was to instill in these youngsters love for their country, impartial attitudes, and understanding of races, nations, and creeds. How glibly they said, "War is caused by land hunger, desire for wealth, and greed." Those young faces so eager for life and so anxious to be about the business of living can never quite fade from my consciousness. The tragedy is that some of the most brilliant gave their lives on the altar of war.

We often hear the phrase, "What price glory?" Do we ever pay the price for peace? It has been nearly 2,000 years since the greatest peacemaker showed us the way. Has mankind ever tried his way? We all know the answer. We know also that no nation can teach others the way to peace so long as there are tensions, turmoil, and strife within its borders. And no person can radiate peace until he has reduced his own inner tensions and conflicts.

If a small pebble is cast into a quiet stream, it starts ever-widening ripples that reach the shore. So does the influence of the peacemaker spread. Evil begets evil and just so surely does peace beget peace.

Deep within our hearts is the desire to become peacemakers and the hope that we may see God.

The way of the peacemaker is the way the Savior walked. It means sacrifice and love as well as understanding and compassion.

Only those who love God and Jesus Christ and who learn the way of peace can qualify.

Let peace begin with you. Begin to attain personal peace and live in

harmony, first with God and then with your fellow man.

Prayer: Our Father, help us to find thy peace within our hearts and use us as instruments of love, that we may help bring thy kingdom nearer. We ask it in the name of Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.

—MRS. WINIFRED M. MASON

MAY 15

*"Let your light so shine before
men, that they may see your
good works and give glory to
your Father who is in heaven."*
—Matthew 5:16

MURDER, robbery, rape, adultery, perjury, deceit—all manner of sin seems to dominate the news. Bookstands have been under condemnation of the decent public. TV programs add to the wrong influences of life.

While everyone seems to feel that something should be done, little has been accomplished, probably because we are becoming accustomed to the publicity. No one is accused of being goody-goody any more. We seldom hear resentful persons referring to Christians' holier-than-thou attitudes or too-religious living.

But Jesus said that we are the light of the world to the end that men who know us and see us would glorify God. He commanded his disciples to let their light shine.

We should not misinterpret light. Light is not the result of our conduct. It is a creation of God. But that creation can be utilized in many ways. It has become a necessity to civilized man. We live by the flare of artificial light developed from God's source. But this is not the light of which Jesus spoke. Nor did he specifically mean the light of reason. Man, whether saint or sinner, has always used his wits to climb the ladder of culture. The light of reason is not confined to Christianity.

But the light which Christ gave to his disciples is confined to be-



Mrs. Winifred M. Mason
Gouverneur, N.Y.



M. Elizabeth King
Cardington, Ohio



Mrs. Mamie D. Newell
Lake Junaluska, N.C.



Mrs. E. U. Robinson
Lebanon, Tenn.

lievers. With the gift came responsibility for its maintenance. Chest thumping ill sets with grace, so letting our lights shine must be done with humility. We as His disciples are obligated so to live that God's light can be re-created in us as the sun's light is re-created in an electric-light bulb.

Good works are a Christian's beacons to God for the world.

Prayer: Dear Jesus, through the light which thou hast given us, may we, as thy disciples in this day of spiritual darkness, glow with such sincerity and love for others that they will see God and learn to love him as we do. Amen.

—M. ELIZABETH KING

MAY 22

But the Lord said to Samuel, "Do not look on his appearance, or on the height of his stature, because I have rejected him; for the Lord sees not as man sees; man looks on the outward appearance, but the Lord looks on the heart."
—I Samuel 16:7

BACK in the days when women were wearing short hair more and more, someone said, "I am more interested in what happens on the inside of a woman's head than on the outside."

The passage in Samuel reminds us that often we are swayed by outward appearances. Samuel, disappointed in Saul's failure, was directed by God to anoint David king. He was so impressed by the appearance of Eliab that he was sure he must be the Lord's anointed.

Outward appearances may seem perfect, but underneath can be moral rot. Man can hardly judge fairly by any other means than outward appearance. God's judgment of us is perfect, for only he sees the heart, the thoughts, the emotions. His knowledge is not taken from words, outward looks, and actions but from the hidden motives and attitudes.

God alone knew the contrast be-

tween Eliab's fitness for a king and that of David. Our judgment at best is guesswork. The best qualities of life are not always on the surface. Often we set our hearts on things for the sake of appearances, but these are utterly trivial for fellowship with God. Jesus tells us the pure in heart shall see God. The pure heart and vision splendid make it impossible to be content with a life of surface or of show. In exchange for a life bent on appearances there is possible, through the grace of God, a heart so deepened and a world so wonderful that despite pain and failure life takes on new meaning, becomes joyful and full of hope.

The story goes that three musicians were sent away from shore in a boat so the tone of their three musical instruments could be judged. One played a trumpet, one a violin, and one a harp. The tone of the trumpet was lost at a distance of one mile, that of the violin at two, but the harp's was heard at three miles because of its purity. The morally and spiritually clean life reaches farthest out.

Prayer: Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me. Let the words of my mouth and the meditations of my heart be acceptable in thy sight. Keep me from hasty judgment of others. Amen.

—MRS. MAMIE D. NEWELL

MAY 29

"But lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust consumes and where thieves do not break in and steal. For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also."
—Matthew 6:20-21

IN J. B. PHILLIPS' *A Man Called Jesus* [Macmillan, \$2.50] the Master concludes the pattern of prayer he gave the disciples thus: "For the Kingdom is yours, the Power is yours, and the Glory is yours for all eternity, Amen."

The Twelve are silent a moment, then Peter, finding the silence unbearable, addresses Jesus, "Well, Master, that sounds simple enough."

Judas scornfully remarks, "Simple? It's nothing of the kind. Can't you see there's a whole new way of living in that, perhaps a whole new power?"

A new power is the requirement for living either in the time of Jesus or in the space age. Each person, early in life, is confronted with the choice between good and bad, between good and better, between good and best. The power to choose is one of God's great gifts to man.

Jesus, in the Sermon on the Mount, challenged his hearers with the power of choice. He challenged them with the choice of the best treasures—not the good, not even the better, but the best—those treasures that could be hoarded in the name of the Lord, in the house of the Lord!

The strange commentary is, those treasures that can be stored in the house of the Lord do not tempt the thief.

Following the depression of the 1930s, the chairman of our official board said to us one Sunday evening, "Do you know Bethlehem Church in Williamson County [Tenn.]? All I have is what I gave to that church. My bank account is gone, my property is gone, but daily I thank God that I am still a part of that church."

"I like to drive out there now and then that I may observe something of the ministry of that church to the community of which it is a part."

"Daily I thank God that I chose to store at least a part of my earthly treasure with him. That is all I have."

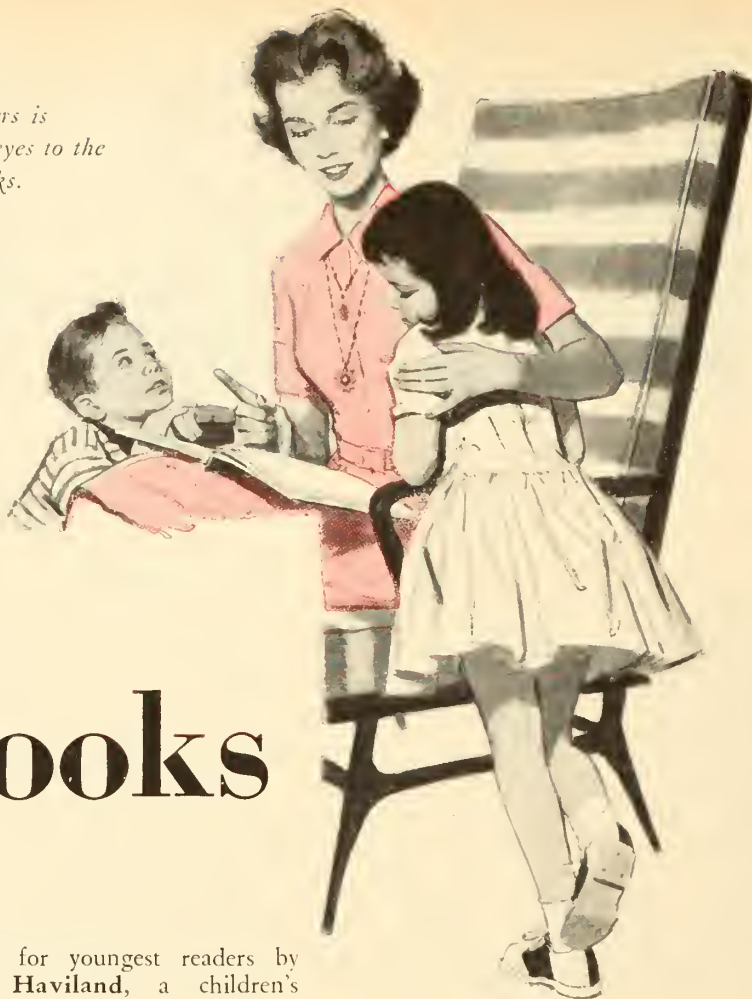
Prayer: Dear Father, through our Lord Jesus Christ we have thy power to choose our way, our companions, our treasure. We pray that we may use thy power in our choices to the end that thine will be the glory forever. Amen.

—MRS. E. U. ROBINSON

*Reading aloud to your youngsters is
one of the best ways to help open their eyes to the
treasures they will find in books.*

BARNABAS

Looks at New Books



AFTER a long winter in the schoolroom, I doubt if many youngsters are consciously including reading in their plans for those long, glorious days of summer vacation. But it's never too early for boys and girls to learn that books can be responsible for some of the greatest of leisure joys. You, as a parent, can help this cause along.

The beginning reader, of course, will take delight in having you read to him. Some of the books in greatest favor with this youngest reading set aren't exactly stimulating reading for adults, but I think you'll enjoy **Mary Ann Hoberman's** collection of poems **HELLO AND GOOD-BY** (Little, Brown, \$2.50) right along with your small fry.

Then, too, there are picture books, a treat to eye and ear. **Marion Conger's** **WHO HAS SEEN THE WIND?** (Abingdon, \$2) is a fine way to sharpen a child's perception. It tells the story of a little girl who searches for sight of the wind before she realizes that she has seen it, through its results, each day. And **KITTENS, CUBS AND BABIES** (Scott, \$3) by **Miriam Schlein** teaches a basic lesson in the growth of animals and humans.

The eyes of a petite young lady sparkled when I gave her a copy of **FAVORITE FAIRY TALES TOLD IN FRANCE** (Little, Brown, \$2.75). Your children may prefer **FAVORITE FAIRY TALES TOLD IN ENGLAND** (Little, Brown, \$2.75) or **FAVORITE FAIRY TALES TOLD IN GERMANY** (Little, Brown, \$2.75). All

are retold for youngest readers by **Virginia Haviland**, a children's librarian.

There's a golden age when a child finds himself fascinated with the sound and meaning of words. If your youngster is in that magical stage, make the most of it by planting one of these books where he can run across it:

AMERICAN WORDS by **Mitford M. Mathews** (World, \$3.95), **THE BOOK OF PLACE NAMES** by **Eloise Lambert** and **Mario Pei** (Lee & Shepard, \$3), **WORDS OF SCIENCE AND THE HISTORY BEHIND THEM** by **Isaac Asimov** (Houghton Mifflin, \$5), or **A IS FOR APPLE, AND WHY** (Abingdon, \$2) in which **Solveig Paulson Russell** tells the story of our alphabet.

Straight, well-researched history, plus generously illustrated material to give young readers a vivid sense of how things were in the past; these are the goals of the American Heritage Junior Library for growing Americans.

The first book in this series is **THE STORY OF YANKEE WHALING** (Golden Press, \$3.50). In writing the narrative, **Irwin Shapiro**, a folklore and historical specialist, checked his work with Edouard A. Stackpole, Curator of the Marine Historical Association of Mystic, Conn., for complete authenticity.

My son and I have been enjoying a book which I believe should be part

and parcel of every American child's growing up. It's **AMERICA IS BORN: A HISTORY FOR PETER** (Morrow, \$3.95), which **Gerald W. Johnson** wrote for his nine-year-old grandson, Peter. But he wrote it so well that it's practically ageless in its appeal.

It takes up the story when Ferdinand and Isabella finally listen to the petitions of Columbus and it ends when a group of state delegates sit down in Philadelphia in 1787 to see how they can strengthen the government of their brand-new nation.

Never in his vivid narrative does the author gloss over the bad parts. "Part of the story is very fine and other parts are very bad; but they all belong to it, and if you leave out the bad parts you will never understand it all," he explains.

Children from nine to 12 will enjoy **PETS AT THE WHITE HOUSE** by distinguished writer **Carl Carmer** (Dutton, \$2.95).

It's no longer a surprise when such top-flight adult writers as Mr. Carmer write for youngsters. Random House's Legacy series, for example, presents classical myths, nonclassical sagas, and legends and folklore, retold in simple form by such well-known authors

as **John Gunther** (*THE GOLDEN FLEECE*), **Robert Penn Warren** (*THE GODS OF MOUNT OLYMPUS*), and **Frances Winwar** (*CUPID, THE GOD OF LOVE*). All Legacy books are \$1.50.

Take a New Englander, descendant of a Revolutionary War general and steeped since boyhood in the lore of that era. Add an imaginative writing ability which carried him on to the authorship of several books and a prize-winning TV documentary. Season with membership in five historical societies. Mix well—and you have **Arthur Bernon Tourtellot**, a man ideally qualified to try his hand at the latest way of writing history, the minute-by-minute, you-are-there school.

His latest book is **WILLIAM DIAMOND'S DRUM** (Doubleday, \$5.95), a detailed account of the fighting at Lexington and Concord, the opening skirmishes of the Revolution. And a good book it is.

The unusual title comes from the fact that a 16-year-old drummer boy, William Diamond, beat out the call which summoned some 40 farmers to arms and set the stage for the "shot heard 'round the world." Mr. Tourtellot's forte takes two main bents: an ability to bring alive the Revolutionary leaders who have become musty through routine presentation in the past, and a knack for making events of 200 years ago spring to life before the reader's eyes.

A 30,000-mile trip around the world went into the preparation of **SUMMIT ROUNDUP** (Longmans, \$4.50). **William H. Stringer**, Washington bureau chief for *The Christian Science Monitor*, and the paper's chief photographer, Gordon N. Converse, went into 25 countries and interviewed 21 leading political figures.

Latin America is entirely overlooked and the critical area of black Africa is represented only by Nkrumah of Ghana, which are major flaws. But otherwise, Stringer has done a remarkably good job on the basis of the brief visits he made and the contacts he had.

On the night of May 10-11, 1941, the London blitz hit its height. Some 500 Luftwaffe bombers dumped over 700 tons of high explosives and fire bombs, and set 2,200 fires, many of which raged out of control. Now **Richard Collier** takes us through this blazing city on an hour-by-hour account of the prelude, the raid itself, and, briefly, its aftermath. It's all told in **THE CITY THAT WOULD NOT DIE** (Dutton, \$4.50)—and, if you're not squeamish, it's absorbing reading.

Implicit throughout is a warning. This attack was early in the war; in later years, 1,000 or more bombers pulverizing a city in just one phase of

Life

in the Country

... as you'll learn from these books, may bring joy, contentment, hard work, even despair, but always it's a challenge to man's stewardship of God's earth.

Country Year: a Journal of the Seasons at Possum Trot Farm by **Leonard Hall** (Harper, \$3.50)—a 12-month journal of life, rich, full, and deeply satisfying, as Hall finds it on Possum Trot Farm in the Missouri Ozarks.

The Horse and the Blue Grass Country by **Bradley Smith** (Doubleday, \$8.50)—fact and fable, beautifully illustrated, about the birthplace of the thoroughbred horse.

From My Experience by **Louis Bromfield** (Harper, \$4.50)—a novelist and dedicated conservationist tells of the pleasures and miseries of reclaiming and running an Ohio farm.

Stillmeadow Sampler by **Gladys Taber** (Lippincott, \$4.50)—a woman's diary, full of the beauty of the four seasons in New England and the smell of good country cooking.

The Brannan Plan: Farm Politics and Policy by **Reo M. Christenson** (University of Michigan Press, \$5)—appraisal of a proposal that may return as a 1960 political issue.

The World Around Hampton by **Archibald Rutledge** (Bobbs-Merrill, \$4.50)—hunting, fishing, and wandering in the woods and swamplands of Rutledge's plantation home.

Flat Top Ranch by **Louis Bromfield** with **J. C. Dykes, B. W. Allred**, and others (University of Oklahoma Press, \$4)—story of how a productive Texas cattle ranch was created from depleted farm lands.



For the Beauty of the Earth



SPRING had never seemed more beautiful to the young college teacher as he strolled from his home in Bath, England, past the edge of the city and into the nearby countryside. The first yellow-green leaves were preening themselves on yesterday's bare branches; primroses gave touches of color to the meadow, and crannied places were alive with long-stemmed violets.

As Folliott S. Pierpoint paused on a wooded hilltop, the sheer beauty of the earth surged over him. Imperfectly at first, his thoughts formed themselves into rhyme as he pondered the beauties of nature—gifts of the Almighty.

Returning from his walk refreshed and inspired, Pierpoint began to put his thoughts on paper. One after another, he listed God's blessings: earth, sky, family and friends, the Church, even the sacrificial love of God himself. When he concluded, he had written a poem of eight stanzas. Although he had penned earlier verses and later was to publish a book of poetry, Pierpoint is remembered chiefly because of the hymn he wrote that spring day. You will find it as No. 18 in *The Methodist Hymnal*, the hymn of praise, *For the Beauty of the Earth*.

First published in 1864 in a collection of hymns for use at communion services, *For the Beauty of the Earth* soon gained wide acceptance. Choirs and organists found it particularly suited for use as a processional. Two of Pierpoint's original eight verses have been eliminated in most recently published hymnals, but the hymn still includes no fewer than 24 offerings of thanks for the blessings of God.

The musical setting which American Methodists use to sing Pierpoint's words is the same tune

as is sung with William C. Dix's Christmas hymn, *As With Gladness Men of Old* (No. 90). It is an abridgment of a choral which first appeared in a German hymn collection published in Stuttgart in 1838 and now is commonly called "Dix" because of its early association with the Christmas carol.

Composer of the choral was Conrad Kocher (1786-1872) who served 38 years as organist at the Stiftskirche in Stuttgart and gained wide respect for his musical compositions.

Much of the appeal of the "Dix" tune is in its antiphonal "answering" structure. One line completes the other as though in answer to it. As originally written by Kocher, the melody had seven lines, but was shortened to six in adaptation to the *As With Gladness* words.

Like Pierpoint, Kocher was a teacher. At 17, he went to St. Petersburg as a tutor and undertook the study of piano. Later leaving pedagogy in favor of a musical career, he visited Rome for further study and became interested in the works of the 16th-century composer, Giovanni Pierluigi da Palestrina.

Based on his studies of the Italian's compositions, Kocher returned to Germany to open the School of Sacred Song in Stuttgart and to undertake a general reform of church music. As organist at the Stiftskirche, he revised and wrote new tunes for German hymnbooks and is credited with popularizing four-part singing in his homeland.

The influence of this talented German continues to our own day through the beautiful melody he gave us to sing the meaningful words of Pierpoint's hymn.

—DORON K. ANTRIM

a round-the-clock bombardment was not unusual. By that time, of course, the cities were Axis cities. But today, with hydrogen bombs, how could any area—or nation—survive even one such attack?

Collier's technique is to follow families and individuals through the dark hours. As a result, human touches abound—heroism, cowardice, devotion, niggardliness. Ironically, some authorities feel that one more heavy attack would have obliterated London—but at that precise moment, Hitler switched his air fleet to the east in preparation for the Russian onslaught. Britain was saved; Germany was lost.

If your taste is starting to turn toward something on the light side, either of these two amusing books may well satisfy: *IT TAKES ONE TO KNOW ONE* by **Joey Adams** (Putnam, \$2.95) and *HOW TO TAKE A CHANCE* by **Darrell Huff** (Norton, \$2.95).

Adams, as most readers know, is a comedian of many years' standing, with an apparently infinite stock of jokes collected from many sources. Here he shares them with a new audience, along with techniques used by other laugh-makers in getting their gags across. This is a good book to read and pass along, or put on the shelf for browsing through whenever the corners of your mouth begin to turn down.

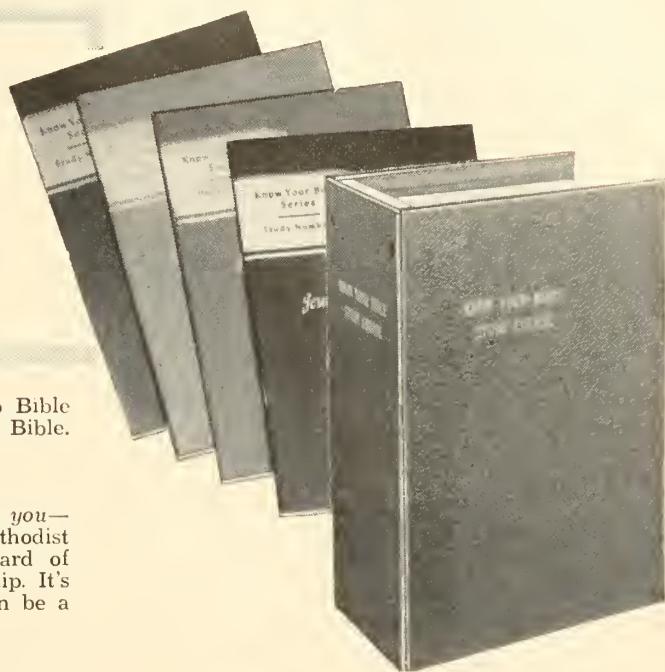
Some years back, Huff did a memorably amusing book on *How to Lie With Statistics* (Norton, \$2.95), showing the ways in which—as almost any statistician will admit—any given collection of figures can be used to prove almost any desired conclusion. Now he puts statistical knowledge to work in another wry field, the laws of chance. Nothing to take too seriously, but good for more smiles than the title would indicate.

IN *ADVENTURES IN FAITH* (Denison, \$3.50) **Marcus Bach** brings together a series of personal experiences to prove that faith is a highly workable factor in modern life. His examples, however, put too much stress on material gain for my taste. And, coming at you one after the other, they smack of the hard-sell techniques of poor advertising. Dr. Bach has done much better in earlier books.

A useful, far-ranging life is unfolded in **Daniel A. Poling's** autobiography, *MINE EYES HAVE SEEN* (McGraw-Hill, \$5.00). Dr. Poling is nationally known as a minister, teacher, columnist, and author. Here the reader will share his Oregon boyhood and meet four generations of Polings (there've been 20 ministers among them). He will also get the firsthand story of Dr. Poling's experiences as a

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World War I chaplain, as a candidate for mayor of Philadelphia and governor of Ohio, and as a friend of many world leaders.

The book reflects the attitudes of a man who can perhaps best be described as a middle-grounder in politics, social philosophy, and theology. Dr. Poling is outspoken in his views, but he is tolerant toward those who disagree. The result is a refreshing book.

One of the books that swayed the course of history was the great *French Encyclopedia* edited by **Denis Diderot**. Representing the thinking of the finest minds of 18th-century France, including Voltaire and Rousseau, it was a major influence in bringing about the French Revolution.

The *Encyclopedia*, one of the biggest book-production enterprises of all time, took 25 years to complete. The last 10 volumes were banned, but the royal censors had to look the other way as the books were turned out in Paris under a fictitious Swiss imprint. If the vast clandestine enterprise had not been allowed to go on, hundreds of printers, engravers, papermakers, and binders would have been thrown out of work.

Today, one of the *Encyclopedia's* greatest values lies in the remarkable record it supplies of daily life 200 years ago. There is probably no other contemporary record of the age that compares to its engravings in this respect. Accordingly, an American firm, Dover publications, now is engaged in a five-year project to reprint the *Encyclopedia's* thousands of engravings. Two large volumes covering manufacturing and the technical arts already have appeared—A DIDEROT PICTORIAL ENCYCLOPEDIA OF TRADES AND INDUSTRY: MANUFACTURING AND THE TECHNICAL ARTS IN PLATES SELECTED FROM "L'ENCYCLOPÉDIE, OU DICTIONNAIRE RAISONNÉ DES SCIENCES, DES ARTS ET DES MÉTIERS" OF DENIS DIDEROT (Dover, \$18.50).

I found these volumes fascinating. I suggest you look at them next time you go to the library.

The Gnostic Gospel According to Thomas found in Upper Egypt five years ago [April, 1960, page 50] is beginning to provoke arguments among scholars now that it has reached publication.

Among the first views to appear is **THE SECRET SAYINGS OF JESUS** by **Robert M. Grant** and **David Noel Freedman** (Doubleday, \$3.50). Dr. Grant and Dr. Freedman maintain that the Gospel of Thomas "testifies not to what Jesus said but to what men wished he had said."

They point out that Gnosticism, a modern term, is used to cover a variety of sects which arose late in the first

century and spread out from Syria and Egypt. Gnostics believed that there is a redeemer from heaven, but not all believed Jesus was that redeemer. Counter to orthodox Christianity, the Gnostics who believed in Christ often claimed they were the only ones who understood, through revelation, what Jesus had really meant.

A new atlas has taken its place near our family Bible and it's proving its worth whenever one of us has to look up a location in preparation for a Sunday-school lesson or an MYF talk. It's Rand McNally's new compact and authoritative HISTORICAL ATLAS OF THE HOLY LAND edited by **Emil G. Kroeling** (Rand McNally, paper \$1.95, cloth \$2.95).

The journeys of Paul, the travels of Jesus, the wanderings of Abraham are easy to trace on its maps. So is the impact which ancient civilizations had on the land from the dawn of history to the time of Paul. And seven pages of tables place important biblical events and personalities in their proper time relationships in history.

If Methodists were to stand, hand in hand, they would form a line 9,178 miles long. And if they formed a circle, it could girdle the U.S. from Portland, Maine, around through Miami, New Orleans, San Francisco, and Portland, Oreg., back to Maine—with about 6,000 left over to stand in the center.

All this I found in **THE METHODIST FACT BOOK** (Abingdon, \$1.25) edited



Albert C. Hoover: he has all the facts.

by **Albert C. Hoover**, director of the statistical office of The Methodist Church's World Service Council. Known as the General Conference edi-

NEW BOOKS by Methodist Authors



The Providence of God

Georgia Harkness. Among many Christians there remains a sense of disquietude concerning the efficacy of prayer, the possibility of miracle, and the reality of God's providential guidance. The author seeks to dispel these points of uneasiness for the Christian by presenting reasons for her staunch belief in divine providence. **\$3.50**

Creative Imagination in Preaching

Webb B. Garrison. Convinced that creative awareness can be cultivated and sharpened, the author suggests ways of discovering God's glory through personal observation. He shows how to get ideas for sermons, how to collect illustrations and how to write original sermons. **\$3**

Music and Worship In The Church

Austin C. Lovelace and William C. Rice. This study provides a practical understanding of the use of music in all phases of church life. All who have offered their musical talents to the church will find here sympathetic guidance for improved use of those talents. Indexed. **\$4**

Let Us Break Bread Together

Fred D. Gealy. Seventy-two brief communion meditations arranged chronologically according to special observances during the Church Year. Each meditation begins with scripture and closes with prayer, linking the traditional concepts of first century Christianity with the patterns of thought in the twentieth century. A useful index of scripture is included. **\$2.50**

What Shall We Say About Alcohol?

Caradine R. Hooton. Written especially for the teacher, minister, discussion leader, and all who are concerned with the very real problem of drinking, these chapters outline the basic in-

formation which every speaker needs in preparing effective talks and sermons. This positive approach to the problem of alcohol emphasizes the importance of the Christian life. **\$2**

And Jesus Said...

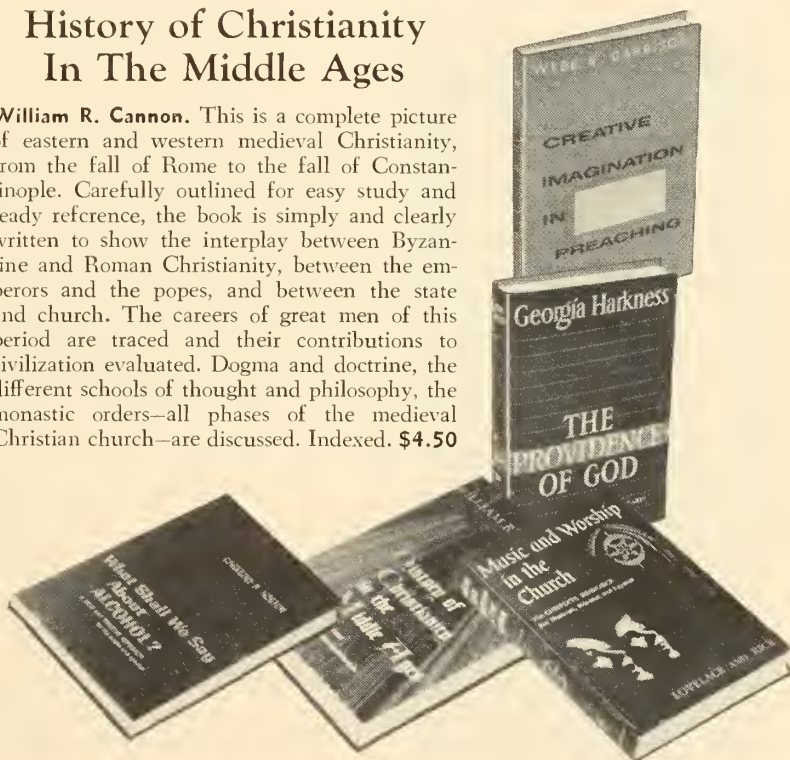
Hoover Rupert. The author examines the informal conversations of Jesus to find answers to the problems of people in this modern world. He discusses Jesus' answer to the situations people face in life and shows the relevance of these solutions to the problems of moderns. Persons in every walk of life who read these 12 chapters will see what Jesus has to say about their own difficulties and how he answers their questions. Some of the chapters are: *To His Parents—ABOUT GOD; To Zaccheus—ABOUT COMPARATIVE VALUES; To The Rich Young Ruler—ABOUT LIFE'S DECISIVE CHOICE; To Pilate—ABOUT ROYALTY AND TRUTH; and others.* **\$2.50**

Receiving God's Fullness

Wallace D. Chappell. God searches for man, says Mr. Chappell, but man must be a willing participant if he wishes to receive the fullness of God. What is involved in becoming a willing participant is the subject of these challenging sermons: *His Coming; His Call; Repentance; Forgiveness; and many others.* **\$2**

History of Christianity In The Middle Ages

William R. Cannon. This is a complete picture of eastern and western medieval Christianity, from the fall of Rome to the fall of Constantinople. Carefully outlined for easy study and ready reference, the book is simply and clearly written to show the interplay between Byzantine and Roman Christianity, between the emperors and the popes, and between the state and church. The careers of great men of this period are traced and their contributions to civilization evaluated. Dogma and doctrine, the different schools of thought and philosophy, the monastic orders—all phases of the medieval Christian church—are discussed. Indexed. **\$4.50**



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Abingdon Press

Publisher of THE INTERPRETER'S BIBLE

tion, this book contains a wealth of facts and figures on the church's growth since Methodist unification 20 years ago.

An especially interesting section forecasts how the church will have developed in another 20 years. It predicts that by 1980 there may be 12.9 million Methodists.

On an April night in 1958 a B-47 took off from Dyess Air Force Base in Texas on a routine training flight. In addition to the three-man crew, the plane carried an observer, Maj. Joe Maxwell.

The flight stopped being routine when fire suddenly threatened. Most of a B-47 is given over to fuel tanks; fire is nearly always fatal. The pilot gave the order to bail out, and he and the navigator made it. But the ejection cartridge designed to catapult copilot Lieut. James Obenauf out of the plane misfired. And as he prepared to bail out of the escape hatch, he saw Maxwell lying unconscious, his oxygen mask beside him.

This was Obenauf's moment of decision. The plane could blow up any minute. Or it might hold out long enough for him to land. The stakes were Obenauf's own life, and the futures of his wife, small son, and un-

born second child. Obenauf turned back to the controls and, with heroic effort, won his gamble.

For what he did, he was awarded the Air Force's highest peacetime decoration, the Distinguished Flying Cross, and was made commander of a jet bomber—at the age of 23. He is one of the youngest men to hold this rank in SAC.

Elizabeth Land tells the story in breath-taking fashion in *TWENTY SECONDS TO LIVE* (Dutton, \$3.25). It's more exciting than any TV action show.

When **Franz M. Joseph**, international lawyer and foundation chairman, conceived *AS OTHERS SEE US* (Princeton University Press, \$6), he went to 20 educators, writers, and statesmen from as many countries and asked them for their frank opinions of the U.S.

Impressions range from outspoken admiration through more than one hint that we are money-mad and materialistic to the caustic suggestion that our exported movies usually have a deplorable influence. Most of them give us a demerit for our segregation policies.

Amanda Labarca H. of Chile, who later lived in the U.S., comments on her "generous, idealistic, and liberal teachers" at Methodist Santiago Col-

lege. In later observations among New Englanders she saw their "living Christianity" more interwoven into daily life than in South America.

A Uruguayan writer sees the U.S. culture as harsh, money-dominated materialism. An Egyptian likes our warmth and hospitality, and calls us "knowledge-thirsty." And so it goes, as Yugoslavs, Turks, Indonesians, South Africans, and others speak their minds.

This is a fascinating book.

"Men are not natural atheists; they argue themselves into atheism," distinguished British Methodist **W. E. Sangster** says in *QUESTIONS PEOPLE ASK ABOUT RELIGION* (Abingdon, \$2.25).

It's a book in which Dr. Sangster gives down-to-earth replies to the questions he has been most constantly called upon to discuss as minister of Westminster Central Hall in the heart of London and as general secretary of the Home Mission Department of the Methodist Church of Great Britain. Whatever questions you have you will probably find that they are among those he answers.

You may remember the author from his *The Battle in Your Mind* (TOGETHER, January, 1958, page 10).

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Browsing in Fiction

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THE METHODIST CHURCH

I REMEMBERED a scene in *Robinson Crusoe* which I wanted to use in a sermon, so I picked up an edition published by Dodd, Mead and containing interesting illustrations. I found myself so intrigued with this old novel by Daniel Defoe that I read it through again. It makes much of our modern fiction look like the cheap and shoddy stuff it is. Perhaps *Robinson Crusoe* also makes it difficult for me to wax enthusiastic this month about what I have been reading.

THE NIGHT COMETH, by Eugene O'Donnell (*Duell, Sloan & Pearce, \$4.50*).

I picked this one up because I saw it was about South Africa, one of the crucial spots in our modern world. I was there about a year ago and if there is a place that has all the elements of drama, tragedy, and despair, it is South Africa.

Unfortunately, this book turns into a study of a sex-mad colored doctor who has a deep-seated resentment against the situation. It could have been a book of great importance, but it turned out second-rate. It falls in the same category as the brother who solves every discussion of integration by asking, "Would you want your daughter to marry a Negro?" This is not quite the point and is nearly always a red herring to the main issue.

THE LINCOLN LORDS, by Cameron Hawley (*Little, Brown, \$5*).

It is to the world of big business and corporation leadership that we are introduced by this book. The central character, Lincoln Lord, has been president of some large corporations and his salary runs around \$50,000 to \$60,000 a year, yet his wife is in many ways the outstanding person in the book. The story has to do with his being out of a job and then taking over the presidency of a small canning company. Lord is an interesting and able man, although he has moved from job to job with too great frequency. He seems to have preferred to make a change rather

than solve the problems which face him. In this, he is much like a large number of our preachers.

I like the way the author shows us a man who succeeds because he knows how to use other people. Yet at the same time, one comes to the conclusion that Lincoln Lord has something outstanding in his own personality. He knows how to bring a certain element into the situation which makes an organization effective.

The book holds your attention because it has hanging over it an atmosphere of coming doom. It ends with Lincoln Lord deciding to do his duty and stay with his job.

It is the end which, to me, is almost completely phony. All the way through, the book has some touch of realism until, in the last few pages, it turns into a soap opera with the moral announced in neon lights. This is a shame. Read the book, but leave out the last chapter.

THE SHORT END OF THE STICK, AND OTHER STORIES, by Irving Shulman (*Doubleday, \$3.95*).

This is a collection of short stories by an able writer. I have read some of his longer novels and I was interested to see what he would do with shorter yarns. The answer is that sometimes he does pretty well and sometimes not. A number of the stories have interesting characters and reveal some exciting situations; some of them seem trivial and inconsequential.

Have you noticed that short stories so often assume that they exist merely to create a mood or give an impression about some minor incident? It takes a certain amount of art to do this and there is always a pleasure in seeing a job well done. I often feel, however, that unless a reader can see implications beyond the actual situation and have a sense of issues that are of much more than passing significance, the short story has failed.

Shulman rings the bell at times, but not in every story.

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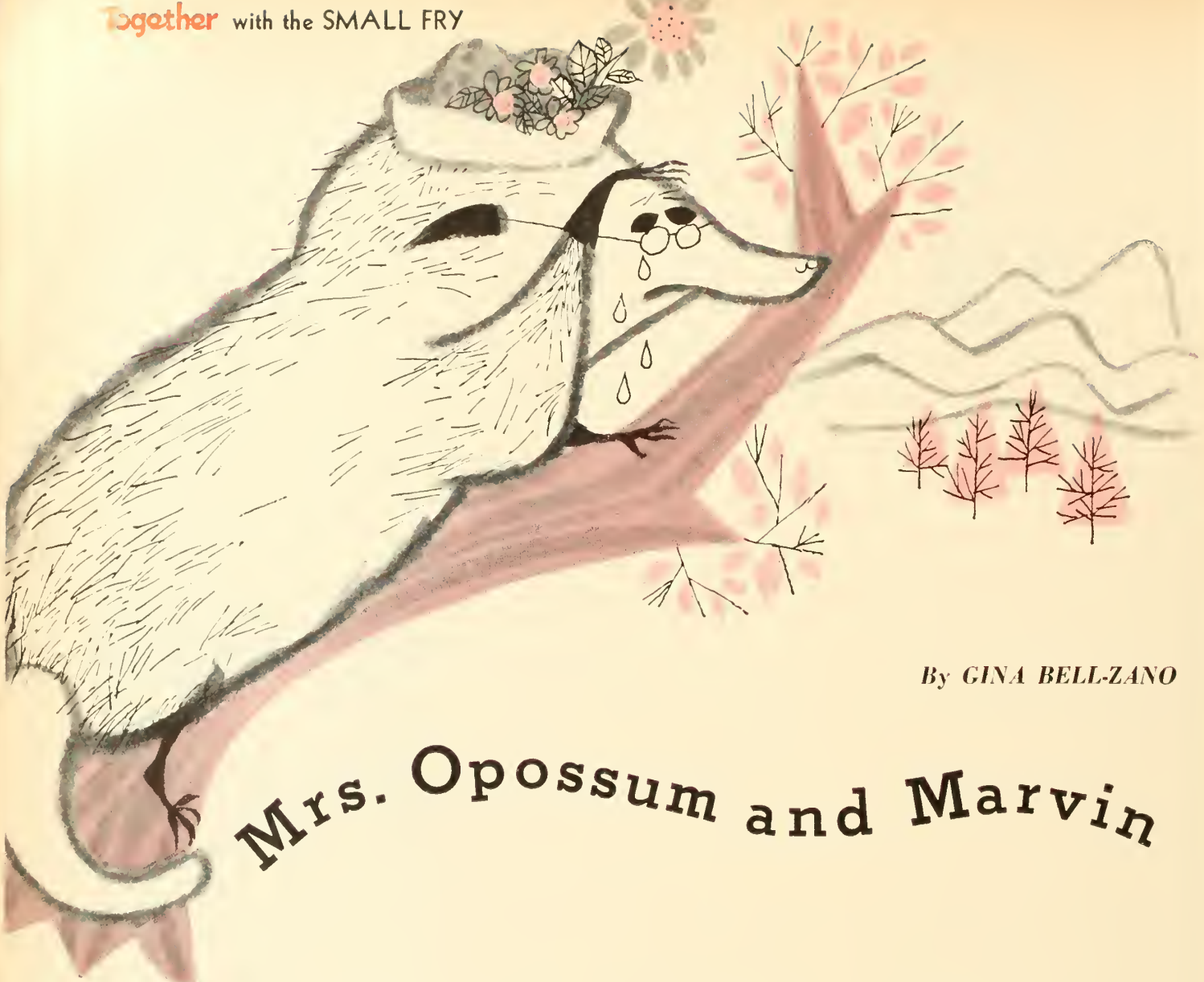
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By GINA BELL-ZANO

Mrs. Opossum and Marvin

ONE bright spring afternoon Mrs. Opossum was working around her house. She was very busy. There was always so much to do: dinner to cook, the house to clean, and little Marvin, her baby, to take care of. Sometimes, what with all these things to watch, she became quite confused.

Suddenly she stopped her dusting. The house was very quiet. She couldn't hear Marvin playing anywhere. She remembered telling Marvin not to go outside without telling her first. That naughty little possum! Where could he have gone?

She took off her apron. She had to find Marvin. He was such a little possum. She ran out of her house in a great hurry. Then she ran back into it.

She had forgotten her eyeglasses, and Mrs. Opossum

couldn't see far without them.

She found her glasses and ran out of the house once more in a great hurry. Then she ran back in. She had forgotten her umbrella. But when she found her umbrella, she suddenly re-

membered that it wasn't raining. So she put away the umbrella and ran out of her house again. She ran up the road to her neighbor's house.

Her nearest neighbor was Mrs. Goose. Mrs. Opossum called to her, "Mrs. Goose, oh Mrs. Goose! My Marvin is lost. Have you seen him?"

"Marvin? Marvin who?" asked Mrs. Goose.

"My baby," said Mrs. Opossum. "Surely you know my Marvin."

"Oh yes—Marvin," said Mrs. Goose. She stood there thinking very slowly. Then she said, "No, I haven't seen Marvin."

"Oh dear me," said Mrs. Opossum. She ran to the house of Mrs. Squirrel.

"Oh Mrs. Squirrel," called Mrs. Opossum, all out of breath from hurrying. "Have you seen

For All Mothers and Fathers

Thank you, dear God, for all mothers and fathers who love, and take care of, and sometimes worry about children like me. And thank you, too, for all the other grownups who help children like me, dear God, to show our mothers and fathers and other helpful grownups that we love them, too. In Jesus' name I pray. Amen.

my little Marvin? He's lost."

Mrs. Squirrel said, "No, I haven't seen Marvin. But I remember last week I thought my little Susie was lost, and I looked and I looked. And she wasn't lost at all—just playing out in the yard. Did you look in your yard?"

"No, I forgot," said Mrs. Opossum. "I'll look there right away. Oh dear me." Then she hurried back to her house. She looked all over the yard, but Marvin was not there.

Mrs. Chipmunk passed by on her way to the store. "Whatever is wrong, Mrs. Opossum?" she asked. "You look so terribly worried."

"Oh dear me, oh dear me," said Mrs. Opossum. "My little Marvin is lost. Maybe you have seen him?"

"No, I haven't," said Mrs. Chipmunk, "but don't worry. He'll come home. My little Charlie always comes home."

"But my little Marvin is littler than your little Charlie," said Mrs. Opossum.

"Well, don't worry," said Mrs. Chipmunk. "He'll come home." And she went on her way.

Mrs. Opossum went into her house. She sat down on a chair. She couldn't think of any other place to look for Marvin. What would Mr. Opossum say when he came home and found Marvin gone? She began to cry.

Suddenly she heard a voice say, "Why are you crying, Mommy?" And there was little Marvin, sticking his head out of his mother's pouch.

"Marvin!" screamed Mrs. Opossum. "Where have you been?"

"Right here in your pouch pocket where you put me for my afternoon nap," said Marvin in surprise. "I just woke up. I haven't been anywhere."

He climbed out of her pocket and sat down. He looked at his mother. "Don't you remember, Mommy?" he asked. "You put me in your pocket."

"So I did," said Mrs. Opossum. "So I did." And then she picked him up and gave him a large kiss just because she was so happy to see him.



Special Awards for Special People

WHO'S the best mother in the world? Who's the best daddy? Probably your very own—so why not surprise them by giving them special awards they can wear all day long? You might want to make the awards now and save them for Mother's Day (May 8) and Father's Day (June 19). But if you just can't wait, give the awards to your mother and father right away and they'll really be surprised.

To make each award, you'll need one cupcake paper. With your scissors, trim the edge of each paper until it is only about $\frac{1}{4}$ inch high (see drawing A). Then paste the cupcake paper on a blue ribbon or a piece of construction paper cut to look like a ribbon (drawing B). Now cut out the paper circles printed below (drawing C) and paste one on the bottom of each cupcake paper. And that's all there is to it—except for pinning the awards on Mom's apron and Daddy's shirt.

You can make special awards for other special people, too—maybe your grandma and grandpa or your teacher. Just cut a circle out of paper, write a message on it, and paste it on a cupcake-paper award.



Display cases like this, used by advanced collectors, hold dozens of small insects mounted on pins.

On the left are three rows of beetles; beneath them, five true "bugs."

Among the others: a praying mantis, a grasshopper, locusts, wasps, flies, and, of course, butterflies.

Flowers and fruits would die if not pollinated by bees and butterflies; honey, beeswax, silk, varnish, and other important products would be unknown; without insect meals, many songbirds and fresh-water fish would starve. And without the lowly fruit fly for experiments, we probably would still be in the dark about natural laws governing heredity. Clearly, the six-legged creatures are vital for life as we know it.

No wonder, then, that insects have long fascinated nature lovers. Insect study is an ideal hobby. It requires little preparation, equipment, money, time, space, or travel. Beginners need mostly an inquiring mind, a sense of adventure, and an accessible patch of ground, a pond, a tree, or a bush.

To date, some 800,000 insect species have been identified, and the list is growing by several thousand every year. Some entomologists believe this figure represents less than half of all living species. And with perhaps 25 million insects in the air over a square mile of meadow, plus at least a dozen times that many in the soil itself, the hobbyist's biggest problem is deciding which to study and collect. As a famous naturalist pointed out years ago, it would take over 60 years, memorizing 25 new names a day, to learn even the species then known. The same man once asked a university professor a question about bumblebees and was told:

"My dear fellow, I don't know a bumblebee from a horse chestnut. My field is butterflies."

That accents one of the main attractions of insect study. Of the many species known, only a few have been studied carefully. That leaves the door wide open for important finds by amateurs who, according to one estimate, have discovered about 80 per cent of identified insects. One famous entomologist has stated that he "could take almost any insect and, by studying it, discover something nobody knew before. . . Even among the commonest six-legged creatures of the back yard, we know the life story of hardly more than one in 20."

Your own yard is likely to contain several hundred different kinds of insects. The late Dr. Frank E. Lutz, curator of entomology at New York

Hobby Alley

Our Six-Legged Friends

By DUANE VALENTY

SCIENCE-FICTION writers to the contrary, it's hardly likely that insects ever will take over the world. Fossils millions of years old show that many species had developed then into forms which survive virtually unchanged today. There's little danger that such creatures can be transformed overnight into monsters which will overrun the world.

Nevertheless, there is no doubt that king-sized insects would be tough enemies. The hard-shelled beetle, for instance, is probably the strongest living creature; experts say that a 160-pound man with a beetle's strength could carry 70 tons on his back. A man-sized ant

could drag a 100-ton chunk of food. Other insects regularly use their own awesome weapons—pincers, drills, hammers, rakes, gas, poison, and swords—in their unending quest for food.

Tiny as they are, insect enemies probably have killed more humans and caused more destruction than all our wars combined. Yet entomologists—scientists who study insects—say that only 1 or 2 per cent of all known species are harmful to man, his crops, or his animals. Many, if not most, species are actually beneficial.

Without insects, for instance, our world would be radically changed.

City's American Museum of Natural History, found more than 1,000 species in his, and estimated that at least 15,000 species lived within 50 miles of Manhattan. That same figure—15,000—also has been cited as the minimum number of species to be found in nearly any state.

Whatever the number, these tiny creatures live truly unique lives. For example:

- Tropical termite queens may mother 10 million children in a few years.
- Doodlebugs, or ant lions, always walk backward.
- Some small beetles could live happily on mustard plaster and cayenne pepper.
- Fragile monarch butterflies migrate up to 2,000 miles, then return to their precise starting point.
- Adult Mayflies live only a few hours, and neither eat nor drink.
- Several insects, including the common housefly, can taste through their feet.

• Ant queens fly but once, and often bite off their wings when they land.

By far the most interesting, most authorities say, are the social insects which live and work together in orderly communities. They include honeybees, ants, and papermaking wasps such as hornets and yellow jackets—all scientifically classified as *Hymenoptera* (membrane wings)—plus termites, which make up another insect order called *Isoptera* (equal wings). More than 30 of these orders are used by

scientists to classify the known species.

Of all social insects, ants are the easiest to observe. They go to war, often marching in columns and attacking in unison; they are known to keep aphids (plant lice) as "cattle," which give honeydew when stroked; some ants even keep tiny beetles as pets and carry them piggyback, probably because the beetles give off a perfume the ants enjoy. Harvester ants in dry areas of the West store seeds underground after removing the chaff and nipping off buds to prevent growth. If the seeds get wet, the ants carry them to the surface, dry them in the sun, and store them underground again. This keeps the seeds from rotting or germinating. What a splendid example of God-given instinct!

Bees and hornets do amazing things, too. To find their way home after long flight, they use celestial navigation—choosing a proper route by the position of the sun. Both cool their hives by beating their wings; if bees didn't, their wax homes might melt. In summer heat, bald-faced hornets sometimes fly to water, carry it in their mouths, and squirt it on the outside of the hive, where it cools by evaporation.

On cold days, bees warm up a hive's egg chambers by crowding around them and moving to generate body heat. Equally unusual, bees from any given hive frequently collect nectar from just one type flower at a time. When a worker finds a nectar-rich flower in blossom, he flies home and does a

dance which, experts believe, gives other bees travel instructions.

Spring is the bonanza season for insect hobbyists, especially those who specialize in the popular category of butterflies and moths. In most parts of the U.S., cocoons are hatching from March until June. May is an especially exciting month because some of the largest and most beautiful moths may hatch and fly in broad daylight. Their cocoons—and those of butterflies, too—can easily be moved indoors to gauze-topped bottles or cages where hobbyists can watch beautiful, wet-winged adults emerge.

Insects captured and raised to maturity are likely to be perfect specimens for a collection—and building a collection is usually the focal point of a hobbyist's activity. It is a fine family project, too, because it fosters deeper appreciation of nature's wonders and because sharing new discoveries gives a special joy. If anyone ribs you about chasing butterflies, remind him that the star of a leading football team kept in top condition all summer by chasing specimens for his collection.

At the start, you'll need only simple equipment. Author-naturalist Edwin Way Teale recommends a butterfly net, a killing bottle, tweezers, a jack-knife, some jars, tins, and small boxes, a notebook, a magnifying glass, and Dr. Lutz' *The Fieldbook of Insects* [Third Edition, G. P. Putnam's Sons, \$3.49].

Most expensive of these items is *The Fieldbook*, a pocket-sized guide for beginners and advanced collectors alike. The magnifying glass, for viewing tiny insects, can be of the dime-store variety; you can make your own net or buy one for about \$1. A killing jar is simply a wide-mouthed bottle into which has been placed a chemical such as carbon tetrachloride or ethyl acetate. Fumes painlessly and quickly kill captured insects without damaging them. If you're a beginner, don't use cyanide as a killing agent as some advanced collectors do; it's a lethal poison. As for the notebook, use it to record where, when, and under what conditions you catch each specimen.

One of the toughest hurdles facing a novice entomologist is learning how to prepare and mount specimens properly. Once mastered, the process is not at all hard. But there are certain rules—standard procedures—that should be



Larry Labahn, who at nine can rattle off insects' scientific names, spends his spare hours with the collection shown on the opposite page. Prize specimen here is a polyphemus moth, a furry night creature.

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learned and followed from the beginning. Again, nearly any good insect guide written for hobbyists will supply the essential information.

You'll learn, for instance, that large winged insects such as butterflies and moths should be dried out with their wings pinned flat before being pinned in a display case. You'll read about special techniques often necessary to prepare larvae and pupae for mounting. And you'll find that there is a certain spot on the body of most insects where a mounting pin should be inserted for best results.

These recommended procedures, plus assorted tricks and short cuts, can be learned easily and quickly by associating with more advanced insect hobbyists. If there is an organized group in your area, by all means join it. Such organizations as the Boy Scouts and 4-H clubs also have fine nature-study programs with guidebooks written for beginners.

For those who must learn on their own, Lutz' *Fieldbook* is usually cited as the best general guide for insect hobbyists. Another, written especially for younger readers, is Teale's *The Junior Book of Insects* [Dutton, \$3.75]. It has information on such projects as building an ant house, keeping an insect zoo, and collecting with a camera, plus a valuable bibliography. Among the dozens of other good source books is an informative pamphlet by P. W. Oman and A. D. Cushman called *Collection and Preservation of Insects*, which costs just 15 cents and may be obtained from the office of Information, U.S. Department of Agriculture, Washington 25, D.C. Ask for Miscellaneous Publication 601.

Perhaps the most outstanding characteristic of insects is their ability to survive. Even powerful new insecticides cannot kill off all members of a species. Insects adapt quickly to changing conditions, mostly because hardy survivors rapidly reproduce new generations. It was this trait which prompted the late Dr. W. J. Holland to end his classic *Moth Book*, now out of print, with this paragraph:

"When the moon shall have faded out of the sky, and the sun shall shine at noonday a dull cherry-red, and the seas shall be frozen over, and the ice-cap shall have crept downward to the Equator from either Pole, and no keel shall cut the waters, nor wheels turn in the mills; when all cities shall have long been dead and crumbled into dust, and all life shall be on the very last verge of extinction on this globe; then on a bit of lichen, growing on the bald rocks beside the eternal snows of Panama, shall be seated a tiny insect, preening its antennae in the glow of the worn-out sun, representing the sole survival of animal life on our earth, a melancholy 'bug.'"



Childhood memories of strife between reds and whites are long forgotten by Kiowa Chief Frank Bosin, 98. Now, beside Bishop Smith, he leads delegates—and paleface guests—in prayer in his native tongue.

Indian Conference in Oklahoma

INSIDE the brush arbor, ministerial and lay delegates of the Indian Mission Conference of Oklahoma are being led in prayer by 98-year-old Frank Bosin, a Kiowa chief. Outside, shielded from the hot sun by a make-shift tent, a grandmother rocks a baby to sleep. The child is a great-grandson of Chief Hunting Horse, one of General Custer's scouts at Little Big Horn where the historic battle was fought.

The Conference, guided by Bishop W. Angie Smith, hears optimistic reports of Methodism's growth through-

out the Mission area. Occasionally, on invitation, one tribe or another sings in its own tongue. Or it presents a war bonnet to a guest, inducting him as an honorary chief. But by far the greater part of the working hours is given over to worship and important Conference business.

This blend of the old and new West takes place each summer when the Indian Conference, first organized in 1844, assembles at one of its 110 Oklahoma churches. In these pictures, delegates are gathered at Springfield, one

Lunchtime. Delegates stroll from arbor at left and head for one of five "settings."



of the four churches on the Honey Creek circuit near Okemah.

A visitor could easily mistake this Conference for a camp meeting in the best Methodist tradition. Dotted about the grounds are tents where the delegates stay during the four-day session. A dozen camp kitchens have been set up by women of the circuit. Each church on the 52 charges may send six delegates, most of whom are accompanied by their families; the women commonly feed 750 people three times a day—and on Sundays up to 3,000.

Working with Indians is nothing new for The Methodist Church. As far back as 1830 there were 900 Methodists among the Cherokees, served by 17 missionaries on five circuits. And when President Jackson forced

Few still wear blankets, but at night this squaw enjoys its warmth.



For candidates and spectators, it's a solemn moment when candidates for elders' orders kneel before the bishop on newspaper-covered dirt floor.

thousands of eastern Indians from their homes, Methodist missionaries made the journey along the infamous Trail of Tears, which led the red men to the Indian Territory of the West. The five "civilized tribes" from the East—Cherokees, Chickasaws, Creeks, Choctaws, and Seminoles—made their way into a land already occupied by the "wild tribes," including the Kiowas, Apaches, and Comanches. It was, as a Comanche preacher once said, "a miracle of grace that, instead of painted faces, and war cries, they sang in Christian fellowship."

Today the Indian population of Oklahoma totals 120,000, of whom The Methodist Church reaches nearly half. One in 16 Oklahoma Indians is an enrolled Methodist, but thousands more look to this denomination for spiritual leadership. Latest figures show that Methodism is the only denomination to gain in membership or number of congregations among the Indians in the last 15 years. In that period, 38 new Methodist churches have been added; membership has more than doubled.

There is a steadily growing number of Methodist local preachers. One of those who were licensed at the 1958 Conference was James Sun Eagle, chief of the Oklahoma



Traditional laying on of hands ordains Wadie Elliot, a Choctaw serving the Hugo Circuit. Behind him, with glasses, is D. D. Etchieson, Indian Conference general superintendent.



Only 12, Lewis Brandy successfully answers examiners' questions—and wins his license to preach.

Costumed WSCS members like this "Moslem" stress the needs of foreign missions by a pageant.





Appetites boom in the open air, but food is ample-plus. What's woman at right doing? She's shooing away flies!



Mrs. Cecil Horse's father, a Custer scout, served at the Last Stand. Now she rocks grandson as his dad is ordained.

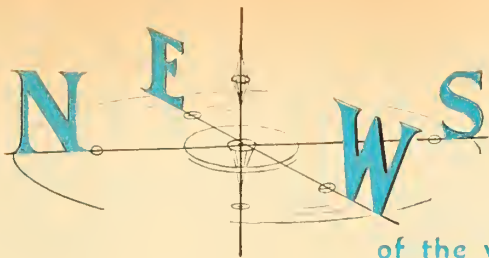
Pawnees. He is the first of his tribe to become a pastor.

One can savor the truly American flavor of the Indian Conference by scanning the program, which bears such circuit and station names as Broken Arrow, Tablequah, Antlers, Cedar Creek-Lone Wolf, and Hunting Horse. Pastors' surnames are equally colorful: Ahpeatone, Birdshead, Pahdacony, Kauyedaity, Stonerod, Deer, Tecumseh, Yahola, Roughface, and Wildeat.

Indian Methodists, as these photos prove, enjoy their Annual Conference, in part because it is truly a family affair. Gathered on the same grounds are the annual meetings of the WSCS and the MYF. In all, 21 tribes are represented—a genuine cross section of Methodism in this unique Indian Mission Conference.

The bell is supposed to signal mealtime—but these youngsters find it makes a dandy jungle gym.





of the world parish

TO CONSIDER FLAG FOR WORLD METHODISM

The World Methodist Council, at its meeting next year in Oslo, may adopt a flag for itself and the 40 million Methodists around the world.

The first step was taken by the WMC's Executive Committee at a meeting last fall at Epworth-by-the-Sea, Ga., when it considered a report on a three-year study of the proposal. However, the Committee referred final action to the 1961 conference.

The proposed standard has a field of white with the Wesley coat of arms in red in the center. Dr. Elmer T. Clark, Methodist historian and Council secretary, has expressed himself as "very much in favor of such a flag."

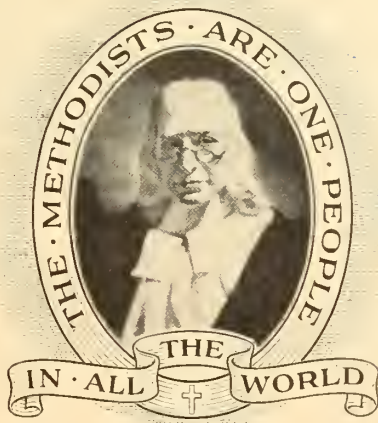
Neither British nor American Methodism has ever used a flag or a symbol, although the World Council prints a picture of John Wesley on its letterheads. It is set in an oval frame with a small Latin cross at the bottom. Around the frame and in a ribbon scroll below is a phrase Wesley wrote to an American preacher: *The Methodists are one people in all the world.*

Flags and symbols have been used by Christians for centuries. Symbols were carved or painted on the walls and columns of ancient churches. And to this day, architects employ them in modern sanctuaries.

The Old Testament has several references to flags, or ensigns, being used as rallying points. Emperor Constantine of Rome designed a banner bearing a cross and Christ's initials for his men to carry into battle. In his victory over Maxentius in 312, his banner bore the Latin inscription, *In hoc signo vinces* [By this sign thou shalt conquer].

Some denominations use symbols and flags today. The American Lutheran Church, being formed by a merger of the Evangelical, American, and United Evangelical Lutheran Churches, recently announced it will have an unofficial symbol when it begins functioning in 1961. Similarly, the Protestant Episcopal Church adopted in 1940 a flag with a red cross on a white field and nine small white cross-lets forming a St. Andrews' cross in the blue canton. The Catholic flag bears the papal arms.

Flags with crosses are used by armed-service chaplains, a triangular pennant of white with a blue cross by the



Symbol used on WMC letterheads.

Navy and a blue rectangle with a white cross by the Army.

Protestants often use an unofficial Christian flag, designed more than 60 years ago by Charles C. Overton of Brighton Chapel, Staten Island, N.Y. It has a field of white (for purity and peace), with a Latin cross of red (representing Christ's sacrificial death for all mankind) on a blue (faith, trust, sincerity) canton.

A Methodist, Dr. Ralph E. Diffendorfer, secretary of the Young People's Missionary Movement, promoted its use

by displaying it at conferences. Another Methodist, Dr. Lynn H. Hough, then at Third Methodist Church, Long Island City, N.Y., wrote a pledge of allegiance.

The question of whether the national or Christian flag should have

the place of honor in a church has never been decided officially.

The Christian flag is sometimes placed to the right of the congregation inside the church, the assumption being that in a religious service the cross takes precedence. The only time it is flown above the national flag is when a chaplain conducts services at sea.

The National Council of Churches in 1942 adopted a resolution saying



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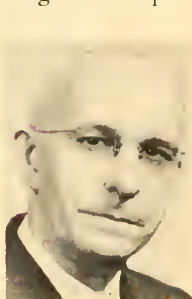


Honored Methodist Scouts pose with Secretary Benson and Chief Schuck.

the Christian flag "should have the place of highest honor . . . to the right, on the floor level of the congregation; in the chancel or on any level above that of the congregation, [it should be] to the right of the clergyman as he faces the congregation."

Bishop Coors Dies at 70, Served Church Since 1911

Bishop D. Stanley Coors, 70, head of the church's Minnesota Area, died March 6 at his St. Paul home. He had long been in poor health.



Bishop Coors

A native of Michigan, where he served pastorates 35 years, he was elected bishop by the North Central Jurisdictional Conference in 1952 and was due to retire in July. His ministerial career began in 1911 as pastor of the Ferry, Mich., church. He was a delegate to the Uniting Conference in 1939 and as delegate or bishop attended all General Conferences since then. He was also a delegate to the 1951 Methodist Ecumenical Conference in England and recently served as vice-president of the Board of Temperance of The Methodist Church.

Survivors include his wife, a son, and two daughters.

Methodist Scouts Honored

Fifteen Methodists were among the nation's top 50 Boy Scouts (one from each state) honored at the organization's 50th-anniversary celebration in Washington, D.C. Nine were from Scout troops sponsored by Methodist churches across the country.

The Methodists, all holders of God and Country Awards, were accompanied by Arthur Schuck of New Brunswick, N.J., the nation's chief Scout executive, also a Methodist.

Nine of the 15 boys are shown in the accompanying photo as they visited Secretary of Agriculture Ezra Taft Benson with Arthur Schuck. From left to right, they are Stephen Good, Lincoln, Nebr.; William S. Murray, Collingswood, N.J.; James R. Hickman, Jr., Huntington, W. Va.; Charles R. Blem, Dunkirk, Ohio; James C. Hardwick, Jr., Myrtle Beach, S.C.; Secretary Benson; Chief Schuck; Melvyn Smith, Vicksburg, Miss.; Robert F. Hoel, Hutchinson, Minn.; Kent Goering, Neodosha, Kans., and Jackson R. Grubb, Jr., Thomaston, Ga.

Hint Church Attendance Linked to Social Status

Frequency of church attendance seems to be tied to a person's position on the social-economic scale, studies to determine factors in churchgoing now indicate.

One investigation was the Ford Foundation-financed Appalachian project in a seven-state "Bible Belt." It showed that worship attendance in 190 mountain counties in Kentucky, Alabama, Georgia, North Carolina, Tennessee, Virginia, and West Virginia ranged from 36 to 73 per cent.

Forty-nine per cent of those questioned said they went to church once a week. However, only 36 per cent of lower-strata individuals reported weekly attendance. This compared with 73 per cent in the upper strata. Fifty-nine per cent of those in metropolitan areas went to church weekly, compared with 44 per cent in rural regions.

A survey by four Lutheran bodies representing 1,801 congregations in the U.S. and Canada differs on the relation of distance and attendance. The

UPCOMING EVENTS

Of Interest to Methodists Everywhere

MAY

1-8—National Christian Family Week.
6—May Fellowship Day.
22—Rural Life Sunday.

WCS STUDY TOPICS: General Program—*Jesus the Light of the World*, by Frances D. Smith; Circle Program—*Matches to Light the Candles*, by Alice S. Detwiler.

Lutheran study showed that churches in which half of the members lived four or five miles from church had an average attendance of 54 per cent, while congregations with half the members living within walking distance had an average of only 45 per cent.

Last year a study made of 155 rural Methodist churches in South Carolina showed 82 churches in poor land areas had fewer members than 73 churches in good land areas, as well as fewer services and smaller attendance.

The Appalachian study also has disclosed a divergence in religious beliefs between rural church members of low status and city dwellers of high status. For example: the former tend to view God as a "righteous Judge," while the latter hold the concept of God as a "loving, heavenly Father." Only 37 per cent of the rural residents believed God desired their progress, compared with 55 per cent of the urban residents.

Age does not appear to have much bearing on attendance. A five-year study of 7,000 Protestants, Catholics, and Jews over 21 in Detroit's metropolitan area failed to show any trend in attendance with age or indication of an increase in religious fervor in the later years.

A Minneapolis newspaper poll has revealed that teen-agers there go to church on an average of four times a month, with girls attending more regularly than do boys.

Name Conference Choirs

Ten choral groups—including one or more from each Jurisdiction and from Africa—will perform at the 1960 General Conference in Denver, Colo., beginning April 27.

They will sing two or three times a day. Their names and tentative appearance dates:

April 27—Ohio Northern University Choir, Ada, Ohio; April 28—Centenary College Choir, Shreveport, La.; April 29—Boston University Seminary Singers; April 30—Wiley College A Cappella Choir, Marshall, Tex.; May 1—University of Denver Choir; May 2—Ambassadors Quartet, Southern Rhodesia; May 3—DePauw University A Cappella Choir, Greencastle, Ind.;



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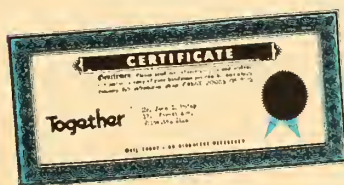
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May 4—Millsaps College Singers, Jackson, Miss.; May 5—Dakota Wesleyan University Choir, Mitchell, S. Dak.; and May 6—MacMurray College Choir, Jacksonville, Ill.

Board Serves 1.5 Million

The Board of Hospitals and Homes served more than 1.5 million persons last year, reports Dr. Olin E. Oeschger, general secretary.

He told Board members at their annual meeting in Columbus, Ohio, that "our health and welfare institutions are faced with unprecedented responsibility and challenge."

Institutions affiliated with the Board increased to 236 last year through addition of one hospital and six homes. In addition, 66 new projects costing more than \$40 million were started.

The hospital is at Oak Ridge, Tenn., and the homes at Jacksonville, Fla., Americus, Ga., Bozeman, Mont., Lodi, Ohio, Mitchell, S. Dak., and Seattle, Wash.

The 236 institutions include 104 homes for older persons, 76 hospitals, 49 children's homes, and 7 homes for business women. Their capacity is 33,361 and their assets \$465 million.

Dedicate New Hospital

Some 15,000 persons braved heavy snows to tour the new Oak Ridge, Tenn., Hospital of The Methodist Church at its dedication, delayed two days by the fall.

The \$2.9-million hospital was built for the Atomic Energy Commission and, by vote of the townspeople, turned over to the Methodists to operate. A four-story structure with 175 beds, it features an isotope laboratory for diagnosis, a small chapel, and facilities for quick expansion to 234 beds. It replaces a hospital built hurriedly during World War II when the town was established secretly by the government to make materials for atomic bombs. The town now is entirely free of any government control.



Chief Minister Manley (left) and Mr. Sherlock at Methodist meeting.

200 Years of Methodism

Chief Minister (Premier) Norman W. Manley of the British West Indies joined with the Rev. Hugh Sherlock, Methodist Conference chairman, recently in celebrating 200 years of Methodism in Jamaica. Mr. Sherlock is a pioneer participant in the famed Jamaica Boys' Town.

Oxnam Speaks Despite Threats

In the face of threats and harassing phone calls, ailing Bishop G. Bromley Oxnam has addressed a national civil-rights conference in Washington to urge that qualified Negro voters be given the ballot in Southern states.

"When Negroes achieve the ballot," he said, "other civil-rights problems will fall into line."

Bishop Oxnam, 68 and scheduled to retire as head of the Washington Area in July, said he received the threats demanding that he withdraw after he was announced as a speaker.

Laity Told: Be the Church

Laymen should seek to be the church and not just tools for doing something for the church, says Dr. Hans-Ruedi Weber of Geneva, Switzerland, executive secretary of the World Council of Church's department on the laity.

Dr. Weber attended a Chicago week-



Now it's the Oak Ridge Hospital of The Methodist Church, Oak Ridge, Tenn.



Don L. Calame (left), director of Methodist Men, confers with Dr. Weber, WCC official, who spoke at a lay-activities meeting in Chicago.

end workshop of lay leaders, sponsored by the General Board of Lay Activities of The Methodist Church. Nearly 50 men from 25 Episcopal Areas attending were instructed on how to train other leaders of Methodist Men.

"The ultimate aim of Methodist Men is not to do something for the church but to be the church," Dr. Weber said.

Later, he told TOGETHER that in Europe leading men and women are seeking a way "to be the church in the world and their professions."

"The war," he added, "brought us face to face with the fact that the church in Europe is but a small minority. Most people there go to church only three times in their life—for Baptism and confirmation, marriage, and last rites.

"We are not so much interested in

CENTURY CLUB

Membership in the Century Club spurted this month when friends nominated nine Methodists 100 or more for listing on the Club's roster. They are:

Mrs. Hannah Wade, 101, Ter-
ril, Iowa.

Mrs. Sarah Garrow, 100, San
Jose, Calif.

Mrs. Charles Rogers, 102,
Poultney, Vt.

Mrs. Annie L. Dunlap, 100,
Sistersville, W. Va.

Mrs. Susan Frazier, 100, Len-
nox, S. Dak.

Mrs. Isamiah Wilman, 103,
Fillmore, Calif.

Mrs. Belle Timmons, 104, Bos-
well, Ind.

Mrs. Mary M. Dunn, 101,
Eugene, Oreg.

Judge A. R. Alexander, 100,
Plattsburg, Mo.

Other Methodists qualifying for the Club will be listed as their names are received from readers.

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MISCELLANEOUS

THE ANNUAL CORPORATION MEETING of Sky Lake of Wyoming Conference, Inc., will be held in the Sara Jane Johnson Memorial Methodist Church, Johnson City, N. Y., at 3 P.M. on Thursday, May 19, 1960. PLEASE TAKE FURTHER NOTICE that action will be taken at said meeting upon a proposal to amend Article II, Section 2, of the By-Laws of said corporation, which now reads: "Section 2. The Secretary shall serve personally or by mail, not less than ten nor more than 40 days before said meeting, a written notice thereof upon each member of this corporation. If mailed, it shall be addressed to such members at his address as it appears upon the certificate of incorporation, the minutes of the Conference or as submitted to the secretary by the several district superintendents of the Conference, unless he shall have filed with the secretary a written request that notices intended for him be mailed to some other address, in which case it shall be mailed to the address designated in such request. Notice of the annual meeting shall also be published in the TOGETHER MAGAZINE, Chicago, Ill., to read the same, excepting the last sentence only thereof, which sentence shall be amended to read as follows: . . . Notice of the annual meeting shall also be published in The Wyoming Conference Methodist, Kingston, Pa.

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running the church as in finding out the meaning of Christian obedience and what the church is. It is not a movement for bringing people into church."

There now are 70 lay-training centers over Europe, Dr. Weber reported. At these, pastors, laymen, and lay women study together to help the laity become "seven-day" Christians at their jobs and professions. In addition, increased interest is being shown in Bible study classes in homes.

Dr. Weber said the movement is strongest in areas where the church is fighting for its life, particularly in East Germany.

Charter 13,000th Club

Methodist Men of Trinity Church, Mt. Prospect, Ill., has received charter number 13,000 from the Board of Lay Activities. There now are 500 more clubs than the 12,500-club goal set three years ago as the target to be reached by May 21, 1960.

Urges Bomb-Test Ban

The Executive Committee of the World Council of Churches has urged the U.S., Britain, and Russia to continue working for an A-bomb test ban.

The Committee called for international co-operation in devising better means of detection and for international inspection of explosions for peaceful purposes.

German Reds Tighten Grip

The Communist government of East Germany has tightened its control of clergymen by establishing special "clergymen's indexes" and dossiers, according to West Berlin papers. The records include notations on daily activities, political stands, sermon trends, and official and private utterances.

CAMERA CLIQUE

Vacation Project: Before long, many of you more advanced amateur photographers will be hitting the vacation trail with a jam-packed gadget bag and a headful of picture ideas. Be sure you remember *TOGETHER's* fifth giant photo invitational, as announced in our April issue. The theme is Methodist Americana and we're counting on you experienced lensmen to come up with plenty of sparkling, storytelling color shots of Methodist's many historical sites. The Methodist Americana Map in the November, 1959, issue will alert you to those near your vacation route. (The map also is available separately from Cokesbury Bookstores for 50¢.) Why not accept the challenge and seek out color-picture angles at the sites you visit? A little extra effort and ingenuity may win you a spot in the eight-page Methodist Americana color pictorial we plan to publish in about a year!

Here are photo credits for this issue:

Cover—FPG • 25-26-27-28—Otha C. Spencer
70 top—Shields • 72 top—RNS, Bot.—T. R. Cook • 76-77-78—Toge Fujihira • 79—A. E. Potter • 2-62-63-65-66-67-68-73—George P. Miller.

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Shopping Together



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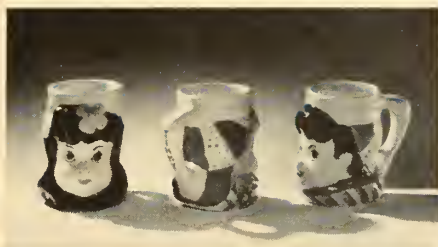
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Harriet Carter, Dept. TO, Plymouth Meeting, Pa.



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The Added Touch, Dept. TG, Wynnewood, Pa.

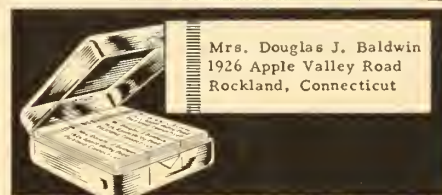


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Methodists are sharing with other Christians a rural evangelistic program aimed at providing

BETTER Farms for JAPAN

Blackboard on a model farm: it outlines the history of the Christian church in both English and Japanese as Rijo Soji, dean of education, conducts a class.



Dr. Kagawa

WHEN JAPAN lay in ruins 15 years ago, the gravest problem of post-war recovery was agricultural. Millions faced starvation on the crowded chain of islands, where only one out of every six or seven acres can be cultivated—and that acre is topped by soil worn thin by many centuries of ceaseless cultivation.

Today Japan has 92 million mouths to feed—22 million more than in 1945. While recovering its position as Asia's leading industrial nation, it is undergoing an agricultural revolution. This achievement is due in no small part to machinery set in motion 33 years ago by the world-famed Christian Socialist leader, Dr. Toyohiko Kagawa. It was Kagawa who provided the present pattern through a Farmer's Gospel School, started in 1927 at his rural home between Kobe and Osaka. To date, this school—which combines training in Christian rural evangelism with modern agricultural methods and soil conservation—has been a model for some 90 others.

One of the largest and most successful of these schools is the Christian Rural Service and Training Center at Tsurukawa. Sponsored by the United Church of Christ, the Center is more than a farm—although a visitor's first impression is likely to be otherwise. On 45 acres of improved land, young farm men and women come and go about their tasks. Holstein cows graze everywhere on once bare acres. There are pigs, goats, and calves, fields of vegetables, even honeybees.

Tsurukawa is really a school and a seminary. Its

purpose is to train Christian leaders for evangelism in rural areas. The Methodist Board of Missions co-operates in its operation with seven other American and Canadian boards and a number of Japanese Christians.

Often the typical Japanese farmer is neither Christian, Shinto, nor Buddhist; to reach him, an evangelist must be specially trained. He must contribute new skills to a man hard put to wrest a living from a plot of ground which usually measures less than three acres. And he must do this in the farmer's own language. To qualify, students study an imposing list of subjects: systematic theology, history of Christian thought, life of Paul, Greek, philosophy, and the New Testament. In addition, they must learn agriculture, rural sociology, animal husbandry, and Christian education.

Tsurukawa Center's history goes back to 1938 when it was established on land rented from Dr. Kagawa's Musashino School of Evangelism. Soon closed because of the Sino-Japanese war, it was moved to Manchuria where Christian pioneers were trained until World War II ended. From 1946 to 1955, it was situated on 25 acres of land on the outskirts of Tokyo. The present site, some 25 miles from Tokyo, was purchased from more than 100 upland farm owners and opened officially on May 30, 1957.

Today the Center serves the community by means of nursery schools, livestock and other extension services, plus direct preaching of the Gospel. Along with other centers of its type, it symbolizes the outreach of Christianity through the hundreds of young people who are dedicating their lives to service in rural Japan.



Out to pasture: prize Holsteins are increasingly important as milk is introduced into more Japanese diets.

Mushroom culture: this is one of many innovations at Tsurukawa. Mitsuro Chida, farm manager, covers pine logs in which the delicacies will mature.



Class work: whether in classroom or field, the Japanese student-evangelists are apt scholars. In photo, one takes notes on the fine points of cattle judging.



THROUGHOUT JAPAN family incomes average \$900 a year. But rural communities are benefiting from demonstration farms such as Tsurukawa's. This is particularly true in upland regions where soil is thin, land eroded. Farm folk there have little chance to augment their scant diet of rice and vegetables with sea food, as do Japanese living near the coasts. Milk, an unknown item in too many Japanese menus, appears to be one answer to the food problem—so grasses and legumes have been introduced to convert once unproductive upland areas into green pastures. Meanwhile, more and more Christian evangelist-farmers are going out from the rural centers to emphasize soil conservation and scientific methods, while preaching the Gospel to a healthier people.

Model cow: from Bible study, these students now turn to a class in animal husbandry. The teacher with the tiny Holstein is David Orth, a missionary.

First things first: at Tsurukawa the day begins and ends with prayer. Here, in early-morning light, heads are bowed before students go to their chores.



Bishop Gives \$1,000 for Delinquency Study

Gift to Be Used to Find Causes of Vandalism

In the wave of delinquency in New York City which resulted in the desecration of places of worship, Bishop Newell made a gift of \$1,000 to New York University for research into the causes of this type of behavior.

The check was given to Dr. Dan Dodson of the School of Education.

Bishop Newell received the following message from President Carroll V. Newsum:

"Dr. Dodson has told me of the generous check in the amount of \$1,000 which was forwarded to him as a contribution to New York University for a study of the causes that led to the recent outbreak of bigotry resulting in the painting of swastikas on places of worship. Obviously, we deplore this desecration and welcome the opportunity to study the reasons behind this vandalism. Your donation will make this possible. Personally and on behalf of the university, I wish to thank you for your support."

Area to Honor Newells

Ministers, laymen and prominent community spokesmen from the four Conferences of the Area will gather May 16 in the Grand Ballroom of the Commodore Hotel in New York City to pay tribute to Bishop and Mrs. Newell prior to their retirement.

A reception will be held at 6:30 p.m. and will be followed by dinner at 7 p.m.



New York University Photo

Bishop Newell presents \$1,000 check to Dr. Dan Dodson of New York University.

The Rev. Dr. Ralph W. Sockman of Christ Church, New York City, will be master of ceremonies and the principal address will be given by Bishop W. Earl Ledden of the Syracuse Area. Bishop Herbert Welch and Charles Parlin will also participate.

The Rev. Dr. Ralph Davis of Maplewood, N.J., is committee chairman.

Home Receives \$25,000

The Bethel Methodist Home in Ossining, N.Y., has received \$25,000 from the Kresge Foundation, the Rev. Dr. Daniel D. Brox, superintendent, has announced. The new home was consecrated last June by Bishop Newell.

32 Area Delegates Head for General Conference

Thirty-two delegates from the New York Area will head for Denver April 26 to participate in the quadrennial General Conference as the clock of Methodism is wound for the next four years.

The delegates from the three Annual Conferences are as follows:

Troy Conference

Ministers: Harold Griffis, C. Walter Kessler, J. Edward Carothers, Frederick Vogell.

Laymen: Dr. Frederick K. Kirchner, Mrs. C. M. Suter, Roy A. Sullivan, Don Robb.

New York Conference

Ministers: Ralph W. Sockman, William James, Elmer B. Bostock.

Laymen: Chester A. Smith, Paul R. Russell, George Northrop.

Newark Conference

Ministers: Eugene Smith, Harold N. Smith, Robert Goodwin, Forest Fuess.

Laymen: Charles Parlin, W. Carl Walton, Mrs. Gottfried Marti, Robert Carson.

New York East Conference

Ministers: Henry Whyman, Loyd Worley, William Alderson, Lester Auman, H. Roy Brennan.

Laymen: Arthur Raynor, Mrs. H. Roy Brennan, Robert Preusch, L. C. Hauser, Miss Ethel Johnson.



Sermon From a Saddlebag was message given by the Rev. P. A. Jacobs to Paltz, N.Y., parish churches. Traveling as a Circuit Rider he is met by Pastor W. R. Porter, Jr., of the three churches.



Wagen-Monticello Photo

John A. Weaver, center, gets citation from Pastor D. J. Bort for his volunteer services as architect for \$50,000 sanctuary at the Park Church, Weehawken, N.J., as Dist. Supt. E. R. Neff watches.

Exceed Goal in Bethany Building Fund Campaign

Bethany Deaconess Hospital, Brooklyn, experienced a happy surprise after Mrs. William Lindemann, president of the auxiliary, presented the Rev. Dr. Norman O. Edwards a check for \$1,800 to complete the auxiliary's pledge of \$7,200 toward the hospital's building fund.

She then presented a second check for \$1,200, representing the amount the auxiliary had raised in excess of its goal.

It was the organization's 47th birthday.

Drama to Celebrate Embury-Heck Arrival

Eleanor Chappell, Texas actress-director-writer, has been commissioned by the Embury-Heck Anniversary Committee to



Miss Chappell

write a drama depicting the arrival of Irish Methodism in the Western Hemisphere to be presented at John Street Church, June 2. The occasion will commemorate the 200th anniversary of the landing of Phillip Embury and a small group of Irish-Methodists from Ballingren at Pecks Slip in 1760.

Miss Chappell is widely known in the South and Southwest for her stage, radio, and television appearances and has worked also in the field of religious drama. She was associated with the First Methodist Church in Dallas, Texas, for several years, where she produced a full season annually of dramas, was on the staff of the Dallas Academy of Drama, and before moving to New York approximately a year ago was drama director at Emory University in Atlanta, Ga. Her acting and directorial assignments have included *Androcles and the Lion*, *The Damask Check*, *Family Portrait*, *The Merchant of Venice*, *Teahouse of the August Moon*, *Sabrina Fair*, *The Boy With a Cart*, *Gianni Schicchi*, and *The Beggar's Opera*. She has written several radio and television drama series and has a book coming out late next summer.

The Rev. Dr. David Chamberlain, pastor of John Street Church, is assisting Miss Chappell.

The celebration will coincide with the New York Annual Conference at Salem Church.

THE BISHOP WRITES



Jurisdictionalism

Two months ago this column dealt with the somewhat controversial subject of the ordination of a Methodist minister into the priesthood of the Protestant Episcopal Church. At that time it was anticipated that this article would appear one month later. The additional month's delay is regretted.

Ever since publication of the Report of the Commission to Study and Recommend Action Concerning the Jurisdictional System, the bishop's desk has been flooded with communications—most of which have been critical and

some bitterly so. In response to these many messages the following paragraphs are written not so much as a defense of the report but as an expression of the hope that the report may have extensive study and that patience and forbearance may be exercised.

Practically without exception the criticisms received have been the outgrowth of indignation aroused by the headlines used by some of the newspapers in publicizing the report. For instance, the *New York Times* carried the headline, "Methodists Favor Segregated Church," which statement is not true, of course, of Methodists in general, especially in the North. The article which followed was perceptive and accurate, but the headline was an unfortunate method of editorialization. The body of the article was a correct expression of the fact that the report recommends no basic changes in the racial aspect of the Jurisdictional System. Other newspapers across the nation used similar headlines, many were less offensive, such as the *Des Moines Tribune* which said, "Fact-Finders Oppose Methodist Change." The Methodist press generally followed the line of "No Basic Change Recommended in Jurisdictional Structure." In the South, of course, some comments went to the opposite extreme, one going so far as to say "the proposal would reduce the Jurisdictions to nothing more than regional committees of the General Conference."

Time magazine was less misleading in its heading, "Relative Route to Absolute." This was taken by the magazine from Bishop G. Bromley Oxnam's happy phrase in commenting on the report. He stated, "I am personally opposed to the Central Jurisdiction and always have been, but I believe we move to the absolute by way of the relative." The magazine also quoted Charles C. Parlin, Esq., chairman of the commission and eminent Methodist layman from our Englewood, New Jersey, church who said, "Integration now would be harmful to the Church and especially disastrous to Negro Methodists. Integration now would turn the Methodist Negroes into a hopeless minority, but eventually the Central Jurisdiction is doomed." These are two of the great liberal minds of our day. They are integrationists in every sense of the word and with them I am in agreement. The Central Jurisdiction is wrong and it must go. But, I must add, as did the Supreme Court of the United States in the matter of education "with all deliberate speed."

The reason why we must proceed with all deliberate speed is that the immediate abolition of the Central Jurisdiction could deprive the Negro in The Methodist Church of representation and voice in the highest echelons of our Church—in the Council of Bishops, the Judicial Council, and in all boards, commissions and committees. Whether in addition it would produce secession on a large scale I am not sure, although I believe some would occur. This could only mean the formation of another schismatic denomination whose separateness would not be headed for many years. If reality of secession would produce an integrated Methodism in which the present privileges and rights of Negroes were maintained, then it might not be too high a price to pay, but it would not do this. It would merely remove from the Negro the advantages he has gained through the Central Jurisdiction.

The *Discipline* at present provides for the elimination of the Central Jurisdiction, by a process which while unduly long and difficult, does give every church in the Central Jurisdiction the right to move immediately into a non-racial geographical jurisdiction. Forty-four local churches are presently involved in various stages of discussion and transfer under this provision. Two such have already transferred to the New York Area, but it is not difficult to understand the reluctance of Central Jurisdiction local churches in the South to transfer. They are not sure of their welcome. If just one Annual Conference in a southern jurisdiction would extend a forthright invitation, it would be helpful. Nor is it difficult to understand why this transfer movement in the North has been so slow and why the larger Central Jurisdiction churches do not make the move. They cherish their present rights and powers and they realize that life for those remaining in a weakened Central Jurisdiction would be a pretty doleful experience. They are faced with a difficult choice and the fact that there is no immediate solution is most unfortunate.

MAY, 1960

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THE BISHOP WRITES (Continued)

The thoroughness with which the problems of jurisdictionalism are analyzed in the report and the suggestions for progressive improvement of the system, especially in the realm of the elections, consecration, and assignment of bishops do much to remove some of the undesirable conditions of our present form of jurisdictionalism. It is unfortunate that the report makes no attempt to set up a time schedule toward which the Church could work for the elimination of the Central Jurisdiction. Perhaps this was impossible, but such a suggestion accompanied by other suggestions as to how representation for the Negro on our councils and boards could be provided for after the Central Jurisdiction is terminated, would have been welcome.

The report needs widespread study and since most of the objections reaching me are from persons who have never seen the report, the bishop's office has acquired a few copies of the report which may be had on a loan basis returnable in 10 days. If you desire a copy for study, please write the office.

In closing may I remind you all that the New York Area is the most integrated of any Area of the Church. Many years ago before there was a Central Jurisdiction the Negro work in Manhattan and the Bronx was made part of the New York Conference where it still remains. In that Conference there are more Negro than white church members now in Manhattan. The two largest churches in the Northeastern Jurisdiction are in Harlem. Churches throughout the metropolitan area are rapidly becoming integrated. Negro ministers of outstanding ability are being taken into our Conferences. Negroes have been elected to General and Jurisdictional Conferences by this Area on many occasions. All our meetings and public gatherings from the Methodist Youth Fellowship programs through all of the work of our boards and commissions up to the very Annual Conferences themselves are thoroughly integrated and free. We are not yet perfect, but we are going on to perfection. Let us be proud of our record, but let us also view the total problem across the Church with calm and dispassionate minds, recognizing that while the pathway to fulfillment is slow, we shall succeed as a Church if we proceed with tolerance and understanding.

Frederick M. Raubinger

Drew News



• Methodism's quadrennial program to strengthen higher education was interpreted recently by Bishop Fred Pierce Corson of the Philadelphia Area and Bishop Newell.

• A \$750 grant from the Sears-Roebuck Foundation was presented Dr. Arthur P. Whitney, vice-president, to help cover the cost of educating a Sears Foundation Merit Scholar, Miss Ottalie McClymont of Sparta, N.J.

• Lee Mondschein and Robert Boyll have been named the Drew recipients of the 1960-61 Woodrow Wilson Fellowship. The awards carry a basic stipend of \$1,500 plus \$100 family allowances and full costs of a year's graduate study.

• Korean graduates of the Theological School are among the leaders responsible for the first radio network in the world sponsored by Protestant churches. The new radio station is on the air in Pusan, Korea, the second in a series of five relay stations. The station is being sponsored jointly by the Korea National Christian Council and RAVEMCCO, a unit of the National Council of Churches. Drew trainees are Harold S. Hong, president of the Methodist Theological Seminary, Seoul; Ha Tai Kim, Chosum Christian University; Yonk Ok Kim of the Methodist Theological Seminary; and Haingduk Chung of the Methodist Taejon Seminary.

Centenary Notes

100 per cent active membership in the Centenary College for Women Alumnae Association is reported by the class of 1960.

Dr. Frederick M. Raubinger, New Jersey commissioner of education, addressed a special convocation in observance of Charter Day which marked the 93rd anniversary of the passage of the act by which the New Jersey legislature gave the Newark Annual Conference the charter by which Centenary, the oldest degree-granted college for women in the state, was created.

Miss Veronica Anne Dagna of West Englewood, N.J., was chosen Queen of the Intersorority Sweetheart Ball. She was selected by vote of the student body from a group of six candidates nominated by the campus sororities.

Preachers' Fund Grows

Since January 1, the Centenary Fund and Preachers' Aid Society of the Newark Conference has received bequests of \$500 and \$10,000; and two trusts have given \$75,000 and \$161,000, according to an announcement from the Rev. Benjamin F. Dickisson, executive secretary.

The total now stands at \$247,100 and it is hoped that the fund will be increased by \$250,000 by the end of the year.

Mission to Benefit

The Five Points Mission in New York City will benefit from an afternoon's entertainment, April 21, in the Westchester Room of the John Wanamaker store at the Cross County Shopping Center in Yonkers, N.Y.

The event is planned by the Board of Managers' Ways and Means Committee of which Mrs. Francis A. Holmes of Yonkers is chairman. Mrs. Wilfred Mann is president of the board.

Dessert will be served at 1 p.m., followed by dramatic readings by Mrs. Barber Waters of Crestwood, a program by a group of dancers from the Lani School of Hawaiian Dancing and several songs by children from the Mission.

Proceeds will go to the campership fund to provide summer vacations for Mission children and their mothers.

Mrs. Hollis Smith of Yonkers is in charge of reservations (\$1.25); Mrs. Charles P. Harder is chairman of a bake sale committee; Mrs. Iver Mikkelsen is chairman of hostesses; Mrs. Robert E. Daines is assisting with the program.

Bozen Named Dean

Francis B. Bozen has been named dean of Student Personnel at Green Mountain College, Poultney, Vt. Mr. Bozen has taught psychology there since 1952. He has been active in counseling incoming and resident students, in directing the orientation program, and in handling a variety of personnel problems. In his new position he will also act as adviser to the student government and assume larger responsibilities for student citizenship.

Mr. Bozen was born in Clinton, Mass., and attended public schools in Pittsfield and Westfield. He is a graduate (B.S.) with high honors of the American International College, Springfield, Mass., and holds a Master of Arts degree from the same institution.

Active in state and regional affairs, Mr. Bozen was chairman of the group discussing Child Development at the 1958 New England Junior College Council meeting. He is married to the former Virginia C. Salaba of Westfield, Mass.



Mr. Bozen

To Direct Children's Hour

The Children's Hour at Ocean Grove will be directed this season by Mrs. Lois Trimble Benedict of Katonah, N.Y., a teacher, counselor and writer for children's magazines.

She will organize and conduct the daily religious service for youngsters at Thornley Chapel, replacing Miss Elizabeth Thomson, who has retired after 16 years.

New Horizons

• The answer of First Church, Waterbury, Conn., to the problem of being a "downtown church" is to raise \$50,000 for a renovation project. The church-school and social hall facilities will be remodeled and the sanctuary will undergo general "face-lifting."

• A new church has been completed in Newark Conference's Southern District: Wesley Church in Edison. Bishop Newell preached the consecration sermon April 3.

• The Newark Conference Builders' Club is being called upon for \$10 gifts toward a \$65,000 renovation project on Staten Island. A telephone company building is being transformed into a new church.

• Four acres of property and a right of way have been donated by Parsippany (N.J.) Methodists for the relocation of the church. An additional acre is being purchased for \$1,500.

• The new education building at St. Mark's Church, Troy, was consecrated by Bishop Newell April 13.

To Build New Units

Three sites have been obtained by the Methodist Home for the Aged of New Jersey for the construction of small buildings as part of a decentralization project, the Rev. Alfred E. Willett, superintendent, has announced.

Nine acres of property in Branchville have been given by Harry E. Metcalf; two blocks totaling 6.4 acres on Bay Avenue, Ocean City, have been given by Howard Stainton; and the third site, the parsonage property in New Providence, has been purchased by the home.

Each cottage will contain rooms for 40 residents, a 10-bed infirmary, chapel, dining room, library and craft rooms.

In addition to the main building at each site, a series of two-unit cottages will be erected composed of a living room, bedroom, kitchenette and bath.

These cottages will be available on the Founder's Plan, the occupants financing the construction cost of their unit—probably about \$7,500 to \$8,000.

Use of these properties is contingent

The Short Circuit

J. C. Penny, founder of the 1,700 unit department store chain which bears his name, was speaker for the Friday Methodist Men's luncheon Club at John Street Church, New York City. Describing the development of his spiritual life following his loss of 40 million dollars in the 1928 stock market crash, he said, "I knew too much about the power of money and not enough about the power of God. I lost my fortune but I found my soul." Mr. Penney is a member of Christ Church, New York.

Teaneck (N.J.) Church has been presented a set of altar hangings by Mr. and Mrs. Robert Sayler in memory of Mr. Anthony Sayler, Mrs. Lillie Sayler, and Miss Gertrude Sayler.

Dr. Ralph W. Sockman of Christ Church, New York City, received a Distinguished Service Award from the Protestant Council of the city of New York at the 16th Annual General Assembly at Hanson Place-Central Church, Brooklyn.

The Rev. Karl F. Moore of Jackson

Hts., N.Y., president of the Queens Federation of Churches, has been named to Mayor Wagner's Committee of Religious Leaders to deal with "influences affecting the moral and spiritual climate of New York."

The World Peace Commission of the Newark Conference has written to President Eisenhower asking for enlightenment from an impartial investigating committee on the activities of a laboratory in Fort Detrick, Frederick, Md., where it is alleged that weapons for chemical, radiological, and germ warfare are being developed.

Two Area Boy Scouts have received the God and Country Award: William X. Minor of Baldwin, N.Y., and Luke Ashley of Mamaroneck, N.Y.

Three Area residents were delegates to the sixth White House Conference on Children and Youth. They were Miss Janet Kiehle of Vassar College, Poughkeepsie, and Miss Thelma Stevens and Miss Mona Kewish of New York City.

upon clearance of titles, obtaining of any necessary zoning variances and the availability of the necessary funds. It is hoped that accumulated reserves, legacies, and gifts currently being received will make it possible to break ground this year.

and the Rev. Chester E. Grossman to Mount Kisco.

Troy Conference

The Rev. Gordon M. Clark to Mayfield and Bleecker Methodist Churches, Mayfield, N.Y.

New Faces—New Places

Newark Conference

The Rev. Albert R. Miller to Hoboken, and the Rev. Herbert L. Mather, assistant at Park Church, Bloomfield.

New York Conference

The Rev. Carl J. Dodds, Jr., to Central Church, Yonkers; the Rev. Charles J. F. Keil to Asbury Church, Croton on Hudson; the Rev. Bernard C. Graves to St. Paul and St. Andrew, New York City;

In Memoriam

New York Conference

The Rev. T. Arthur Gross
Died March 2, 1960

Troy Conference

The Rev. Leonard C. Russell
Died March 17, 1960

Newark Conference

Robert Ramm
Died February 24, 1960
John Lytle
Died February 1, 1960



Architect's conception of buildings to occupy three sites obtained by the Methodist Home for the Aged of New Jersey.



City Bird

By GENE MOORE

How wonderful of this beguiling elf
To build his tiny home so near my door,
To grace my garden pool and feeding shelf
And sing to me of mountain and of moor.

What poverty can hold a person down
While there are birds to brighten up his
town?

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